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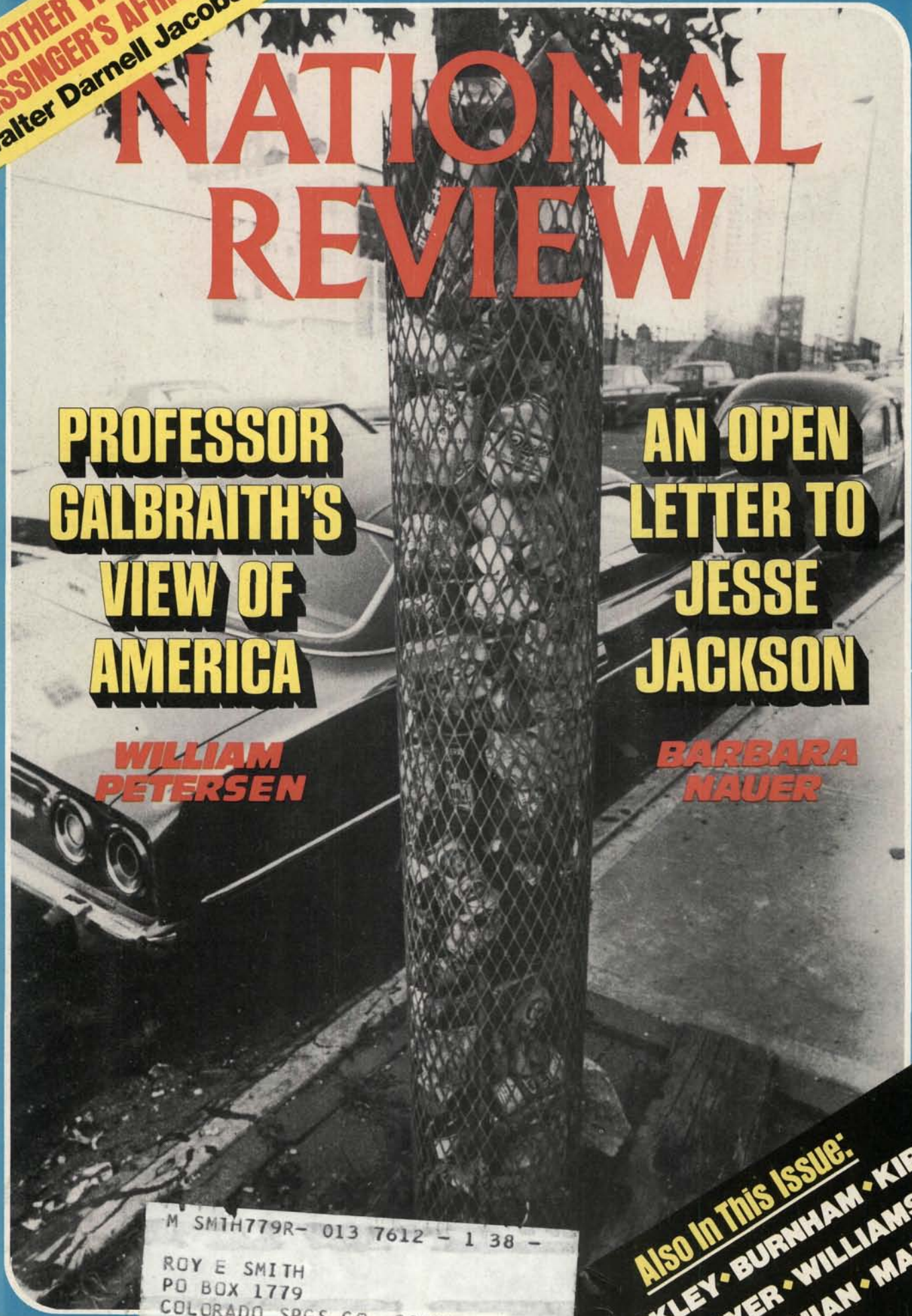
NATIONAL REVIEW



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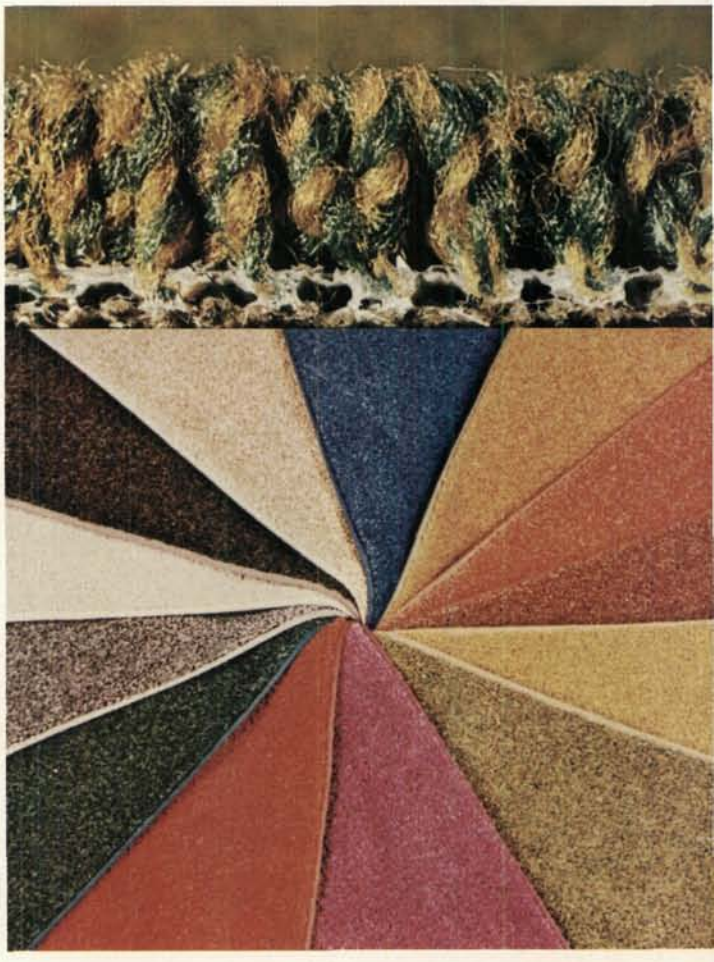

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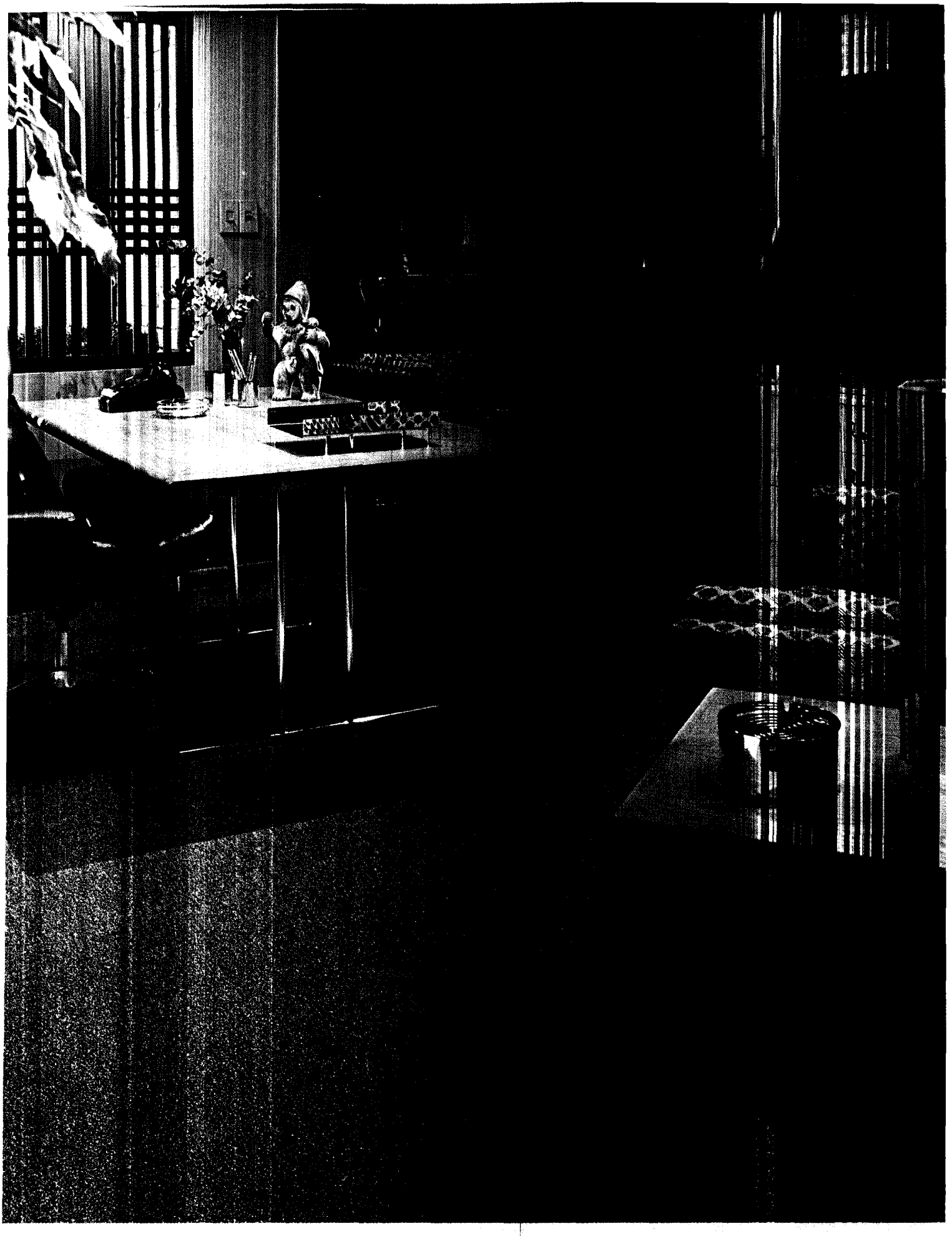

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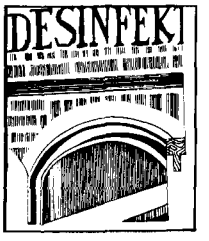

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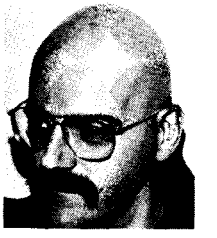

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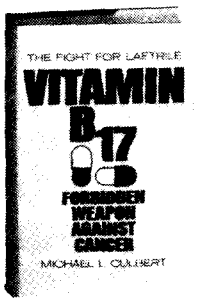

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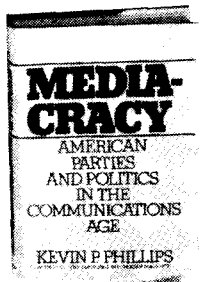

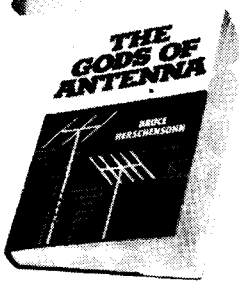

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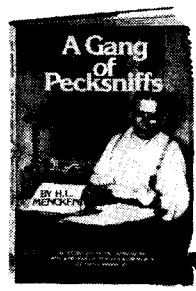

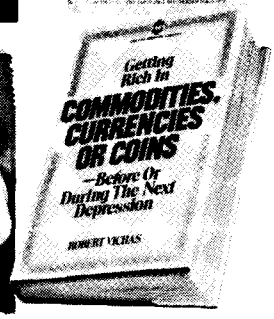

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Letters

Time Ran Out

I was delighted, in a sad sort of way, to see the article by Norman Hannah ["Vietnam: Now We Know," June 11]. I had puzzled over the question of guerrilla warfare and had come up with what seemed like a pretty good explanation of what happens: in a guerrilla war, the attackers can lose over and over without *losing*; the first time the state loses is the last time. But Mr. Hannah's formulation—of a war fought against time rather than fought for space—is even better: it takes the manifestation, which I was describing, and pushes it back to the root cause.

Vietnam is still a painful subject, but all the more reason to try to understand what happened and to keep it from happening again.

New Haven, Conn. FREDERICK ELLIOT

The Sonnenfeldt Doctrine

Your editorial "Company! Eyes . . . Shut!" [May 14] is certainly frightening enough, on the feasibility of an attack on Western Europe by the Warsaw Pact. However, it seems to me that it overlooks one important factor—the willingness of East Europeans to fight for the advancement of Communism.

Prior to 1956, Western estimates of Communist military strength were based on the assumption that the satellite armies were completely loyal to their slavemasters. Yet when the Hungarian revolution came, not only did the entire Hungarian army turn against Communism and join the revolt, but some of the Russian troops who were sent in to crush it deserted and fought with the Hungarians, a phenomenon all the more startling when one considers that by that time they must have known that they were deserting from the winning to the losing side.

We have completely failed to take advantage of Communism's greatest weakness—the hatred the vast majority of its subjects feel for it. We should be fostering this hatred, not downplaying it.

Brooklyn, N.Y. WILLIAM S. HAMMA

An excellent point, and one which James Burnham discusses in the third of his Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt columns (June 11).
—ED.

The so-called "Sonnenfeldt doctrine," translated into plain language, means American approval for the gradual incorporation of Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, and Rumania into the Soviet Union.

The enunciation of this doctrine in December 1975 strangely coincided with the first step toward such incorporation undertaken in Poland. The Polish Communist regime, acting under Soviet pressure, decided at that very time to insert in the constitution a paragraph about the "unbreakable fraternal ties with the Soviet Union." A letter of protest signed by 59 intellectuals, followed by about a dozen similar letters signed by several hundred people, forced the Communist regime to compromise. Instead, a paragraph about "the strengthening of friendship and cooperation with the Soviet Union and other socialist states" was introduced. So, the first attempt at incorporation failed, proving that the Poles will not accept the Sonnenfeldt doctrine.

The main weakness of this doctrine lies in its complete disregard for the true aspirations for freedom and independence of about 100 million people in Eastern Europe. Mr. Sonnenfeldt advises them to abandon "romantic political inclinations" and be satisfied with "autonomous existence." These people, if forced into an "organic relationship" with the USSR, might revolt and provoke a conflagration, the very thing the Sonnenfeldt doctrine wants to prevent.

New York, N.Y. STEFAN KORBONSKI
Chairman
Assembly of Captive European Nations

Dukedom Large Enough

Although 1984 is still some clock hours away, "Big Brother" has been on the job for many moons: the beneficent rays of the ALA's enlightenment have not only stricken the librarian, but filtered into the bias of curriculum selection in the American secondary school.

Three (or maybe four!) cheers to your "Dissent" [May 28]. Your comments are

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understandable, digestible, and appreciated. Not only is your Alternative Bicentennial Reading List more pertinent and representative than the ALA's, but: 1) it demonstrates more imagination and expertise in bibliographic selection, and 2) it opts for a more intelligible, well-rounded, and enjoyable experience.

SHEILA JOAN SALENGER
Head Librarian
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I cannot believe you intentionally left out my very favorite American writer. *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson* should have been listed in "Books for a General Introduction to the American Past": Little, Brown has recently done a reprint, so nobody can claim unavailability.
Rutland, Vt. AGNES FARRELL

If the American Library Association's Bicentennial reading list is so one-sided politically as to impel *NR* to compile an alternative list, consider how one-sided *regionally* a Southerner must consider the *NR* list itself to be. Of approximately 300 titles, only about 15 are recognizable as the work of Southerners. This is the merest tokenism.

The lack of representation would be understandable if the South were so benighted as neither to comprehend the conservative ethos, nor to have produced a body of writers who have articulated it. This, however, is scarcely the case; of all the regions in the United States, the South comes closest to having a truly conservative consensus, and its writers have, after all, ranked with the country's best and most influential in the last half-century.

In one other respect does the *NR* list appear to me to be unbalanced. You quote one critic of the ALA list as saying that it contains "too much old stuff," which may be so if the "old stuff" is of the order of *The Robber Barons*, *The Octopus*, etc. Your list, on the other hand, is woefully lacking in titles where may be found the primary sources of our American past. Alongside Morison's *Oxford History of the American People*, for instance, why not Commager's *Documents of American History*? It is, in spite of the editor's notorious bias, a marvelous collection of primary sources, as is his *The Blue and the Gray*, which is needed as a companion to Foote's *Narrative*.

Returning, though, to my first concern, I suggest that *NR* and its readers include these books of Southern origin: "American Past": Frank L. Owsley's *Plain Folk of the Old South* (LSU), Robert M. Myers' *Children of Pride* (Yale). "A Nation of Nations": Horace Kephart's *Our Southern Highlanders* (Macmillan), Elizabeth Madox Roberts' *The Great Meadow* (Signet). "Land of Plenty": *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition*, by Twelve Southerners (Harper & Row).

(Continues on page 655)

Why Willie Shoemaker Picks 'Gordon Jones To Win'

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Bobby Frankel, one of the leading trainers, checked out the final manuscript and told us we could quote him. "The best book on handicapping I've ever seen."

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John Luckman and Huey Mahl, publisher and editor of *Systems and Methods,* reviewed Jones' book and wrote: "You can take his 3-year results and find yourself earning over 600% a year on your bankroll. It's all here if you want it, whether you're a novice or a hard-core ticket tearer. We've never tossed this many horseshoes before, but we honestly feel that it can't help but help everyone."

Systems and Methods, in case you didn't know, makes impartial reports to consumers in the field of gambling. They try to "rate" every system or method, from the schlocky to the sublime. They gave Jones' book the highest rating in their entire history. Gordon Jones' book—and *only* Gordon Jones' book—got three horseshoes. *Twice* as high as one that some self-styled genius peddled for $300!

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Call it a draw in the June 2 primaries. On Republican side **Ronald Reagan** won two in the West (South Dakota, Montana), lost one in the East (Rhode Island), took 11 delegates to **Ford**'s 28. . . . On Democratic side **Carter** won one (South Dakota), lost one to **Church** (Montana), ran behind "Uncommitted" in Rhode Island. **Jerry Brown**, who had campaigned for the uncommitted delegates, called this a victory; whether all nine of those delegates feel committed to Brown is another question. . . . Carter meanwhile was getting valuable support in Ohio. He lined up liberal former Governor **John Gilligan**, which could cut into **Udall**/Church vote; got an 11th hour endorsement from Rep. **Louis Stokes**, member of the congressional Black Caucus, and brother of former Cleveland Mayor **Carl Stokes**, now an NBC commentator, which should help cement the black vote. . . . **Alan Baron**, the **McGovern** aide who was fired out of hand a week earlier for being too obviously a part of the Stop Carter movement, moved to Ohio a week before that primary to work in the Mo Udall campaign there. . . . Udall himself, who has provided whatever humor there has been in the campaign, admits he's run second so often that his campaign song is "Second Hand Rose." . . . In Washington the pols are asking whether the **Humphrey-Kennedy** balloon launched a fortnight ago couldn't—if indeed Carter can be stopped on the first ballot—emerge as an HHH-Carter ticket? Humphrey, they argue, is 65 and has been in bad health recently. . . . Going into the Big Casino—**California**, **Ohio**, and **New Jersey**—Carter had 905 delegates (of 1,505 needed to win), against Udall 307, Church 64, Brown 28 (to list just the active candidates). In the GOP it was Ford 799 to Reagan 653, but with Reagan expecting the huge (167) California block.

Gurbutt, England — Rotheo

"Good gracious, we haven't built up our detente as much as that!"

■ Opponents of Proposition #15—the Proposition which Californians would vote on June 8, and which if adopted would seriously curtail nuclear power development in California—got an assist from a committee of over a hundred scientists and engineers headed by Nobel Prize winners **Hans Bethe**, **Felix Bloch**, **James Rainwater**, **Eugene P. Wigner**, and **W. F. Libby.** There is, said the scientists, "no reasonable alternative to increased reliance on nuclear power to satisfy our energy needs." . . . Not so pleased, in California, were moderate supporters of former peace activist **Tom Hayden** at Hayden's endorsement by **Herbert Marcuse.** Hayden, an underdog in the Democratic senatorial primary against **John Tunney**, had tried hard to moderate his image. . . . In Washington a new group, Committee for a Survival of a Free Congress, has come up with a rating system all its own. It rates congresspersons according to whether they vote with or against George McGovern. Under this rating **Bella Abzug** is way up there—she has sided with McGovern 97 per cent of the time.

■ Recently organized: The **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn Society for Freedom and Justice**. Purpose: to distribute Solzhenitsyn's books, articles, and speeches; to organize symposia and conferences; to discuss and spread his message. For information write: Professor **Edward J. Rozek**, Box 4654, Boulder, Colorado 80302. . . . Solzhenitsyn, incidentally, came out as the man most admired in poll taken of top high school seniors by General Mills. Next in line: **Betty Ford**, **Billy Graham**, **Ralph Nader**. Among politicians, it was **Henry Kissinger**, Gerald Ford, **Daniel Moynihan**, Ronald Reagan. . . . *Publishers Weekly* estimates that over thirty million of Solzhenitsyn's books have now been sold in thirty languages. . . . Gathering steam, the **National Tax Limitation Committee**. It will try to get the Ronald Reagan idea of a constitutional limit to how much money the state can take from the individual taxpayer adopted on a state-by-state basis. For more information: Rickenbacker Report Corp., Box 1000, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. 10510.

■ Latest Polish joke, straight from Warsaw. Cardinal **Wyszynski** and his Communist oppressor, **Wladyslaw Gomulka**, appear at **St. Peter**'s gate at the same moment, and it's Gomulka who gets the glad hand. How come? asks the indignant Wyszynski. "You did a very good job," says St. Peter, "but Gomulka made more converts." . . . Latest American joke: this headline from the May 29 *Washington Post*: "VIRGINIA HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES REQUIRED TO READ AND WRITE."

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 653)

"Certain Unalienable Rights": John C. Calhoun's *A Disquisition on Government and Selections from the Discourse* (Bobbs-Merrill). "To Form a More Perfect Union": Donald Davidson's *The Attack on Leviathan* (Peter Smith). "Growing Up in America": Andrew Lytle's *A Wake for the Living* (Crown), William Alexander Percy's *Lanterns on the Levee* (Knopf), Jesse Stuart's *Thread That Runs So True* (Scribner's). "And the Pursuit of Happiness" (what we're best at): Caroline Gordon's *Aleck Maury, Sportsman* (Cooper Square), Faulkner's *The Bear* (in *The Viking Portable Faulkner*), John Crowe Ransom's *God without Thunder* (Archon) and *The World's Body* (LSU), in which he makes literature a pure delight.
Tracy City, Tenn. JAMES L. NICHOLSON

Your reading list was fine (a bit overwhelming, but fine). A couple of quibbles, though. If it was a "pleasant surprise" to find Mencken's *The American Language* on the official list, shouldn't it have been on your list too? And granted the literary merits of D. Keith Mano's *Death and Life of Harry Goth*, isn't listing it under "The Pursuit of Happiness," with no caveat to the unsuspecting reader, almost as black a joke as the novel itself?
San Diego, Calif. LILLIAN MARTIN

The *NR* Bicentennial reading list is certainly balanced. But how could you ever include Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* under the category "A Nation of Nations"? First, if the Mafia is indeed an appropriate subject for American historical reading, there are several excellent non-fiction studies that seem more qualified for the list than the novel. Second, Puzo himself wrote a brilliant novel that more accurately portrays the Italian-American experience in the U.S.A. than any other I have ever read. It is called *The Fortunate Pilgrim* and should be required reading for all of Italian ancestry as a reminder of our roots and struggles. Come on, *NR*, whatsa matter for you?
Andover, N.J. VICTOR F. BERARDELLI JR.

I just finished reading "Big Brother's Reading List" and was shocked. Granted, your list is a great improvement over the one the ALA put out but I spotted six (good God, six!) glaring omissions. My faith in you is mildly shaken. For your benefit I will list them.

In the fourth section I did not notice

(Continues on page 657)

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☐ **THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE**
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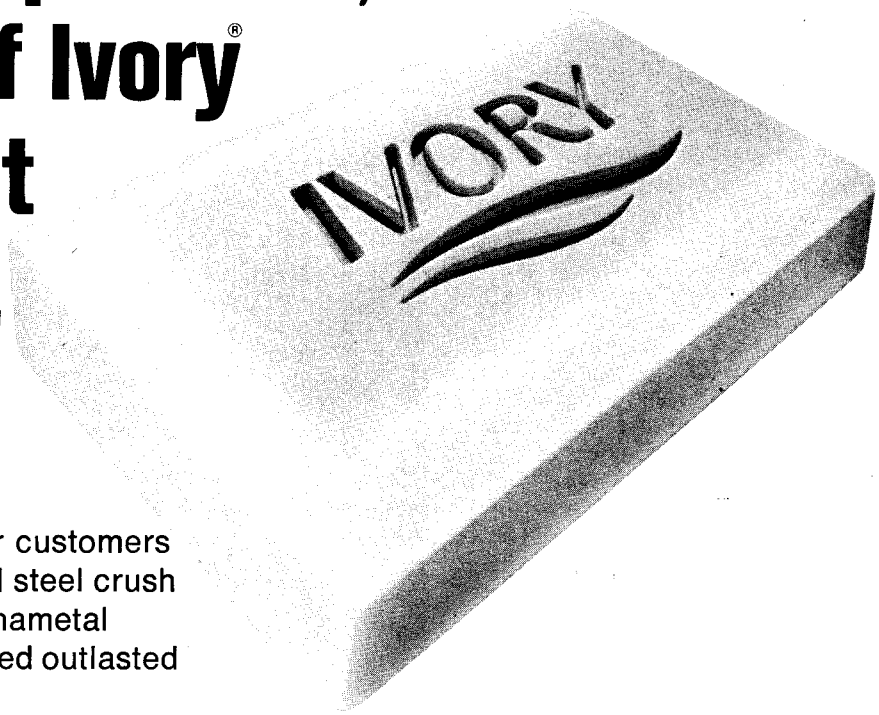

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two major works that I would have expected: Cardozo's *The Nature of the Judicial Process* and Friedman's *A History of American Law*. These two to be followed, in the fifth section, by *The Impact of Supreme Court Decisions* by T. Becker and M. Feeley.

Section Eight fails even to mention Clausewitz, who, incidentally, makes more sense than any ten of our recent Secretaries of State. A detailed history of the Revolutionary War would also take a lot of the nonsense out of the Bicentennial. I would suggest Ward's *The War of Revolution*. I would also expect to find a good scientific text that explained "The Limits of Plenty" imposed by the laws of thermodynamics, etc.

Finally, two less essential but wonderful books: *The Young Titan* by F. Von Wyck Mason and *Mothers and Daughters* by Evan Hunter. I hope you will look into these titles if only to enjoy yourselves.

Astoria, N.Y. ROBERT ENRIONE

P.S.: I have read 87 on your list and am interested in 51 more.

Sand in Their Machine

Your analysis of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill ["The Week," May 14] is accurate, but misses an important point.

The bill says the President shall in *his or her* annual report to Congress . . ., whereas your article merely says *his*.

Conservative strategy is clear: Amend the *his* out of the bill—leaving *her*. This tactic would delay implementation of the bill until a female is elected President—in which case it will already be too late.

West Palm Beach, Fla. TIM BAER
Executive Director
Florida Conservative Union

Born Again

Like John Coyne, I too have been somewhat surprised that the American people have accepted the Carter phenomenon, but that article ["Niceguyin' His Way to the White House?" May 14] helped me to "get it together"; thanks. However, unlike Coyne, I would *never* put the Christian exposition of Jimmy Carter in the same sentence with that of C. S. Lewis—not to mention Freud's "oceanic experience"—ugh!

From my limited reading about and viewing of the candidate, I have already made up my mind that even if he is born again, his theology is defective. Coyne quotes Carter as saying, "I have come to realize that in every person, there is something fine and pure and noble . . ." Stop right there, Jimmy! In the New Testament Paul said, "In me dwelleth no good thing . . ." and in the Old Testament Isaiah said, "Woe is me for I am undone . . ." The good news of the Gospel is that I am a rotten louse and the only good thing I can do is to believe that the Son of God died for my lousiness (sin) and can do something through me (once in a while).

I'm not going to vote for Jimmy Carter, not only because he will not tell me what he believes about government, but also because he does not understand the depravity of man (without which understanding we will not seek God). If Nixon had understood and believed in depravity, and if he had admitted his own and asked for forgiveness, I believe he would still be in the White House.

El Dorado, Ark. ROY E. ROOD

Contrary to both friends and enemies of Carter, his spiritual experiences are none of our business; but his stands—or lack of them—on Christian issues are very much our business as voters. There are, of course, many issues on which Christians can and do disagree. But a few, like abortion, are "real" issues. Anti-abortion groups, staffed in large part by dedicated conservative Christians, are well aware that the only thing that will stop the commercial abortion mill is a constitutional amendment. Yet, unfathomably, Carter will not back one. How strange for one who talks of "love," that this compassion does not manifest itself in support of a measure to protect the unborn. Nor has Carter said he would support an amendment to allow school prayer. And where is his alleged anti-Communism? In his promise to cut defense spending? Where has he urged, like Jackson, that the United States press the Soviet Union to allow Jews—or, for that matter, persecuted Christians—to emigrate?

We have a right to expect a devout Christian to maintain Christian positions in politics. Yet somehow Carter's piety has no effect on his public commitments. Contrary to Coyne, Christianity does not preclude, it *demands*, clear, specific stands, and above all, candor. That Carter, who has given the English language new and magnificent modes of ambiguity and concealment, has the *chutzpah* to say, "Trust me," is simply hilarious.

As for Reagan, I am not familiar with his religious background, denomination, or beliefs, for he has not, in his unassuming way, interjected them into the campaign

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except where they have real meaning—in clear, uncompromising stands on abortion and Communism.

Lehighton, Pa. MARGARET ROCHELEAU

Land of Immigrants

It isn't the first time that William F. Rickenbacker's writings ["Land of the Free," May 28] have reflected the old Teutonic mentality that found its expression in the *Drang nach Osten* and *Lebensraum* movements, the main characteristics of which were contempt for Slavs in general and for Poles in particular. These German movements were the underlying causes of the two world wars, events which many Americans, this writer included, experienced firsthand.

"The wretched refuse of those scattered shores"; "a few shoeless Polish peasants who decided to strike it rich" at the expense of New York City: this is Mr. Rickenbacker's notion. The truth is that for the last three decades, Polish immigrants to this country have mainly been people who lost their country first to Nazis and then to Communists. The great majority of these people fought under the flag bearing the centuries-old Polish inscription "For Our and Your Freedom." They finally received their reward from their faithful allies at Yalta.

BORYS KORCYN-ZUKOWSKI

Forest Hills, N.Y.

In Case of Drowning

Re "Teddy: They Gotcha," by Jeffrey Hart [May 14]: Since he ostensibly was on Martha's Vineyard as a dashing yachtsman, one would presume Edward Kennedy had learned the elementary rules of water safety, which any competent sailor knows by heart—especially, what to do in drownings.

The *American Red Cross First Aid Textbook* states on page 117 that "There is great danger of prematurely ceasing resuscitation. Breathing has been re-established in some instances after *eight hours* of artificial respiration." (Emphasis in the text.)

The *American Red Cross Life Saving & Water Safety* states on page 234 that "Artificial respiration should be continued until one of three things happens. If the victim begins to breathe for himself, artificial respiration should cease, although the operator should remain in position ready to begin again if the first spontaneous efforts to breathe should fail. The second occasion for stopping is when a physician pronounces the victim dead. Here, however, if a reasonable doubt exists in the mind of the operator, he should ask permission to continue. The third reason for stopping is when the person appears dead beyond any doubt. This, however, may not be apparent for as much as two or three hours."

These rules are ingrained in any responsible sailor. What does Kennedy's disregard for them following the plunge at Chappaquiddick say about him?

Scarsdale, N.Y. ELBERT O. KELSEY

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THE WEEK

■ ELECTION NOTE: James Earl Carter. Is it really so that 43 per cent of those voting for him believe that he shot Martin Luther King?

■ The Kremlin's choice for President? Easy, you say—Gus Hall, general secretary of the Soviet-dominated U.S. Communist Party and its candidate for President. Wrong, says *Christian Science Monitor* reporter Joseph Harsch, who points to two recent Soviet actions that benefit an opponent of Hall's. 1) Fidel Castro, at the direction of Moscow, has announced that Cuba will begin withdrawing its forces from Angola. 2) Moscow admitted to Washington that it violated a provision of the 1972 strategic arms accord and promised to correct its mistake. The benefactor of the sudden outburst of Soviet amiability, says Harsch, is not at all mysterious. The Soviets, in their subtle way, are stumping for Gerald Ford.

■ In 1971, Representative Gerald Ford (R., Mich.) voted for the Byrd Amendment, which authorized the United States to violate the United Nations embargo on Rhodesian chrome. In 1972, Representative Ford voted for the Dent Amendment, which in effect forbade the importation of a strategic material from Communist nations if it was also available from a non-Communist nation. The lesson is that a congressman who has voted consistently for narrow interests may, upon assuming the Presidency, grow to the dimensions of his office, and become a world statesman.

■ Daniel Patrick Moynihan didn't stop making waves for the UN when he stepped down as ambassador. He told Eric Sevareid the other night that some UN votes are bought for as little as $600 in direct cash payments —or in gifts such as jewelry—to the delegates. People who don't take the UN very seriously, said Moynihan, are "not very shocked" by the idea of private vote-selling: "Governments maximize their interests," Moynihan explained. "I don't know that charging cash or charging wheat loans is such a different thing." Bella Abzug, who may or may not take the UN seriously but takes her New York Senate race very seriously, wants Moynihan, who may run against her in the Democratic primary, to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on his "reckless and unsubstantiated charge."

■ When French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing stepped down from his supersonic Concorde at Houston's international airport, Texas Governor Dolph Briscoe welcomed him with a Texas-type proposal: "I would like to extend today an invitation for regularly scheduled flights of the Concorde from Paris to Texas." (Governor Briscoe had written President Giscard last autumn, inviting him to c'mon over.) It was a perfect illustration of the shift in the nation's dynamic equilibrium. The Northeast has thrown up its hands in dismay at the coming of this stunning new bird that is harbinger of a new era of global transportation and therefore of global relations. The Southwest welcomes Concorde with eager arms. And it was Houston that, a week earlier, played host to 60,000 visitors from ninety countries gathered for a world conference on offshore oil technology, and Houston that, a day later, invited 1,000 guests to the opening of a Persian festival. Already 53 nations have consulates or trade offices in Texas, and last year Texas exports abroad were up to $9.4 billion. P. S.: President Giscard and his bird did not set down in the Northeast. After his courtesy call on Washington, Concorde flew on to Texas and New Orleans. (And *now* do you see why Jimmy Carter has been sweeping aside all the old-line opposition, and why even all the power of the incumbency can barely keep Ford even with Reagan?)

■ Bet you didn't know that federal computers—we are quoting a news report, mind—are excruciatingly "wasteful" and automatically waste millions because of mistakes programed into their systems. Bet you didn't know, for instance, that the Navy took five years to correct a computer that was automatically initiating, on its own, at least $3 million in unnecessary costs annually.

■ After a year of denying the reports that the Soviet Union had violated the SALT-I agreement, the State Department admitted last month that indeed it had. Contrary to the explicit terms of SALT-I, Moscow has put into operation four new Delta-2 class submarines, each armed with 16 SS-N-8 nuclear missiles, without the compensatory dismantling of older ICBMs that is required under the agreement. Now a new violation has come to light, though official admission from the State Department is not yet forthcoming—waiting, perhaps, until after the Kansas City Convention: Soviet deploy-

Teddy Plans Ahead

I said I wouldn't run, but I meant *now*.
My year is 1980. (Write that down.)
This time we're letting Hubert take the bow—
Provided Mo and Frank can top that clown.
It's still too soon for me to wear the crown,
Though Mother Rose is dying to campaign.
She's eyeing an inauguration gown,
But I said, "Down, Ma!" Sometimes Mom's a strain.
I can't get Jimmy Carter off my brain.
If he gets in, I'm out for eight whole years.
We've got to stop him now if I'm to reign;
I want to run before the grey appears.
So don't forget, in '80 I'm arriving!
Meanwhile, I'm concentrating on my driving.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In Washington, where sex scandals are the prime source of titillation, the Wayne Hays story is equalling the saga of Wilbur Mills in front-page coverage. Titillation aside, however, the Hays affair is having distinct political repercussions. For the past few weeks the town has been buzzing with rumors about Teddy Kennedy's active membership in the ABC (Anyone but Carter) club. Kennedy, by carefully refusing to deny it, has left Democrats here with the strong impression that he would accept second place on a ticket headed by Hubert Humphrey, an impression that was reinforced recently at Humphrey's birthday celebration in Minneapolis, where the evening's program was billed as "the first printing of the Humphrey-Kennedy ticket." Few Kennedy watchers believe he means it. But they do believe he has agreed to do what he can to make the Humphrey candidacy more attractive, thereby holding delegates, as yet uncommitted, who might defect to Carter. In Ohio, however, because of Hays, the strategy has backfired. Hays was expected to control a slate of delegates which would hold for Humphrey. Now, however, he is fighting for his political life, suddenly the personification of what is wrong with the entrenched Washington crowd, and the last thing the Kennedy-Humphrey team wants is to be identified, no matter how indirectly, with a scandal involving a female staffer. And so Humphrey is scrambling to put as much distance as possible between his campaign and his number one Buckeye booster—the reason, many believe, for his abrupt cancellation, just after the Hays story broke, of an appearance before the three-day AFL-CIO convention in Cincinnati.

"It's just the tip of the iceberg," says one veteran Capitol Hill reporter, who predicts that investigations into the Hays flap will uncover dozens of similar scandals. And in the meantime, congressional secretaries are wearing buttons which read, "I Can Type."

■ If Gerald Ford wins the nomination, Elliot Richardson and William Simon will be leading candidates for the vice presidential slot. There's a new star at the top of the list, however—Senator Howard Baker, who, White House strategists believe, delivered Tennessee for Ford. Baker is also high on Ronald Reagan's list, as is fellow Tennesseean William Brock. Also frequently mentioned is Senator Jesse Helms, who is widely credited with turning the Reagan campaign around.

■ At the White House, where little is being done because of almost total preoccupation with the primaries, staffers are stewing over what to recommend to the President when the tax cuts expire on June 30. Ford had previously promised to veto an extension if it was not tied to a spending cut, a move that political advisors now strongly oppose. Some staffers, however, believe that a veto would make good political sense. With the general election only months off, the veto would be easily overridden, thus defusing the issue among taxpayers while at the same time demonstrating to his conservative supporters that Ford not only preaches but practices fiscal responsibility. The only catch: the temporary extension would expire in three months, thus again becoming an issue, this time in the middle of the general election campaign.

■ The National Taxpayers Union (NTU) has announced that 12 states have now approved a call for a second Constitutional Convention that would amend the charter to require balanced budgets. And in the meantime, the NTU continues to chronicle instances of federal waste. Among some of the more recent: the General Services Administration paid $100,000 for five rocks to be placed at the entrance of Seattle's Federal Building; the Federal Aviation Administration now has more than one employee for every plane it administers; the Civil Aeronautics Board has 21 employees for every airline it regulates; congressmen and senators can now pull down pensions of better than $20,000 per year, thanks to increments they voted themselves to keep pace with inflation; it cost $170,000 to send welfare administrators to the Virgin Islands to discuss ways to keep welfare spending down.

■ SIGNS OF THE TIMES: At the recent gathering of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, no one showed up for the panel discussion on "The Problems of the Cities.". . . A British newsman, overheard at the National Press Club reception for the Concorde crews: "Thought we'd just pop over and see how you Americans are getting on with your fleet of biplanes."

—CATO

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ment of extended-range SS-20 nuclear missiles on Kamchatka Peninsula and elsewhere. This deployment in areas heretofore designed solely for test purposes puts the number of operational long-range Soviet missile launchers over the 1,618 total permitted by SALT-I. Moreover, the new SS-20s are mobile land-based ICBMs. This type of missile was not explicitly referred to in the text of SALT-I. In a unilateral statement, the U.S. declared that land-mobile ICBMs should be banned because of the difficulty of verification. In a counter-declaration, the Soviet Union stated that since neither side had such systems, there was no point in banning them. In a comment on this SS-20 deployment, Senator James L. Buckley stated: "We are faced with what may be a significant violation of SALT-I. We were specifically assured that the Soviet Union would not be allowed, under the terms of the interim [i.e., SALT-I] agreement, to deploy a land-mobile ICBM—and that if it did, the United States would consider such deployment a violation of the accords." Question: What happens in the real world when the United States "considers" a violation to have happened?

■ The astonishing 80,000-word report by North Vietnam's Chief of Staff, General Van Tien Dung, mastermind of the final battles that toppled the South Vietnamese government, has now been completed. General Dung recounts in great detail how the final offensive was mounted and why Saigon fell a year ahead of Hanoi's blueprint for its destruction. What makes the report so astonishing is that in all 80,000 words, the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam (successor

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to the National Liberation Front) is mentioned only once, and then only in giving a list of Communist leaders who attended the victory ceremony after the fighting was over. Now that Indochina has fallen there is no further need for the Communists to maintain the fiction that it was a civil war. That has followed the freedom of the people of South Vietnam into the dustbin of history. So much for world opinion.

■ French President Giscard d'Estaing last month made the startling offer to send "several regiments" to Lebanon —a former French protectorate—to monitor the forging of peace in that country. The President's intent may have been to shake up the warring factions, which is what happened. Not only did Kamal Jumblatt, leader of the radical Moslem alliance, denounce the suggestion; so did Lebanon's moderate Prime Minister Rashid Karami. The French Left meanwhile blasted Giscard, their distaste for what they termed colonialism as usual winning out over an attempt to stop the killing of innocents.

■ DIME'S WORTH OF DIFFERENCE DEPT. It Couldn't Happen in the Free World Division: India's censorship rules ban from publication anything that can be deemed "objectionable," even in maps, charts, and sheet music. . . . Svetlana Alliluyeva's Christmas gifts to her son and daughter in Russia have come back, stamped "Return to Sender." . . . All single persons in Baghdad, Iraq—bachelors, spinsters, widows, widowers, divorcés—have recently been ordered to vacate their homes and apartments, no reason given. . . . Tanzanian song writers have been ordered to include, even in their love ballads, sentiments that will "encourage the people to fight against exploitation and colonialism."

■ The latest (as we go to press) entrant in the Kiss and Tell Sweepstakes has already withdrawn. Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the *New York Post*, has told her biographer of a seven-year Personal Relationship with Franklin D. Roosevelt, including interesting observations about his bed and body. Her then-husband, George Backer, didn't mind at all. On the contrary: "George was overwhelmed by the President, and it was he who really sold me on [not, *N.B.*, *to*] him. George saw it all in a sort of *droit du seigneur* way, his wife being tapped by the lord of the manor. He was proud of it, and it gave him tremendous prestige with his friends." One supposes that Mrs. Schiff was proud of it too. But as soon as the story broke, she issued a denial that she had had "a romance or an affair" with FDR. Nice to have *that* clarified, though George must be spinning in his grave at his wife's astringent fidelity.

■ SEMANTIC NOTES: In the Soviet Union, as we all know, the peace-loving faction are "moderates," while the hard-liners are "conservatives." Consulting our *New York Times*, we find that in Peking too the reasonable guys are "moderates," all right—but the hardliners are "radicals." Little is certain, but our guess is the moderates are in charge at the otherwise inscrutable *Times*.

■ Person alive! Even the Berkeley City Council thinks the yeopersons on its sexual rectification subcommittee have personifestly personaged to exceed their persondate to personipulate the language and personufacture new words free of sexism. The Council, unmoved by a routine request for sewer cleaning equipment, chemicals, and personhole covers, may have disappointed some sisters but changed it back to manhole covers. Personhole "is not an acceptable de-sexed word," explains Councilperson Shirley Dean.

No Stop-Carter

There are going to be some rough and probably vicious anti-Carter operations between now and July 11—the June 7 *Newsweek* suggests the trend.

Jimmy Carter will probably go into the Convention with fewer than the 1,505 delegates needed for the nomination. It doesn't follow that this would lead to a brokered convention in the old style. That old style is probably outmoded for both parties, in our democratized age; almost surely for the Democratic Party, which has been propelling itself deeper into democratization for the past decade. Who would the brokers be in a showdown? Most Democratic Party leaders, however much they dislike Carter, dislike losing elections even more. They read the polls, and they know that dropping Carter would mean dropping their party out of the running in at least a dozen states. Carter has taken over three times as many votes and delegates as his nearest competitor. The opinion polls are showing him—alone among the Democratic contenders official and unofficial—running well ahead of either Ford or Reagan. The active members of the Democratic Party would not accept a brokered deal that would cut Carter, even if that were possible. Carter, moreover, doesn't give the impression of being a man who would fold his tent and silently steal away.

Jimmy Carter is going to be the opposition, and a formidable opposition. This suggests what, for Republicans, is not the least important consideration in choosing *their* candidate: Which of the two that the choice comes down to can do better against Jimmy Carter? Let's see: California, Texas . . . Try adding up the figures in the states the GOP could hope to win.

Trickling Down to Harvard

Federal regulations have become "cause for concern." Make that "ample cause for concern," which is more serious. The panic-stricken words are those of Harvard President Derek Bok, whose annual report assays affirmative action, enforced collective bargaining, and other

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imaginative educational reforms Washington has instituted at Cambridge. Writing in the *Washington Post*, Dr. Michael Halberstam remarks with exquisite irony on Mr. Bok's evident discomfiture at sounding "just like a businessman, albeit an enlightened one (perhaps a graduate of the Harvard Business School)." "He is chagrined," says Dr. Halberstam, "like a great actor making his first TV commercial."

But for all his joshing, Halberstam finds a serious and encouraging lesson in this: the wisdom of the business community has finally begun to trickle down to the nation's campuses, as the academicians who have so long prescribed the curtailment of everyone else's freedom discover the diminution of their own: "The disillusionment of Messrs. Bok, Brewster, et al. means that the academic community will never again accept quite so automatically the equation of enlightened social policy with greater federal power. . . . The professors have joined the rest of us store-owners, manufacturers, farmers, and doctors who wrestle with federal regulations. Welcome to the party, boys and girls, and shut the door tightly behind you."

Wayne Hays and Self-Government

One of the stranger distinctions routinely drawn today divides the public from the private life. It was nicely put by an agent assigned to investigate the behavior of Representative Wayne Hays of Ohio. "If she was coming to work every day," he observed, "it doesn't matter how much shacking up they were doing—it's not a federal case. If we learn that she's been coming in only one day a week—payday—then he's got a problem." From that perspective, no doubt legally sound, judgment of Representative Hays comes down to the question of whether she could, and did, type.

But this hard distinction between the public and the private represents the crystallization of the ancient idea of discretion into an unacceptable general principle. No doubt a certain lack of curiosity about the private behavior of others, including public figures, makes life a lot easier. (This assumes, of course, that such private behavior does not leap out of the closet and present itself for general inspection.) The hard distinction between public and private behavior, however, assumes that the personality can be entirely compartmentalized, which is nonsense. Whether in public or private, the individual concerned is the same person. If we discover that an individual in his private behavior is dishonest, irresponsible, self-destructive, callous, or egomaniacal, we have a right to make certain commonsensical inferences about his probable public standards.

The chances are that the case of Wayne Hays, erstwhile powerful chairman of the House Administration Committee, will become a potent symbol. As the classical theorists of the representative form of government never tired of pointing out, that particular system requires a certain minimum of "republican virtue," requires it of both citizen and representative. In the writings of the American founders, the term "self-government" has a kind of double focus. It looks, that is, toward the government of the self as well as of the state, though it need be neither puritanical nor defective in urbanity. Judging by the polls and by the anti-Washington themes now being articulated, the public possesses an accurate enough sense of the situation in Washington. The Hays case could mean that the yahoos may have to back away from the trough for a while, both publicly and privately, and we could even get a modest revival of republican virtue.

I'm No Angel

Said Brigadier General Walter Ulmer, commandant of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point: "It is essential for the continued strength of the Military Academy for anyone found guilty of lying, cheating, or stealing to be separated from the Corps of Cadets, as we have been doing here for over 100 years, unless there are extraordinary circumstances. . . . Violation of the Honor Code is no less severe nor mitigated because there are a number of violators." Said General William C. Westmoreland (Ret.), who attended Alumni Day at West Point last week: "The national interest demands that the officer corps of the United States be composed of men who are honest in word and deed." West Point, said Westmoreland, must instill such integrity in the officer corps, the means of which instillation is the honor code, administered by the cadets' honor system. "The code is immutable; the system has required some modification from time to time."

There appear to be a great many people who disagree with such sentiments. Some of them participated in an internal study of West Point's honor code conducted a year before 94 cadets of the junior class were charged with cheating on a take-home electrical engineering exam: the Academy survey called the code "idealistic, but not a picture of reality" and "a clear and simple statement of an unattainable level of human behavior." Cadet Timothy Ringgold, who has sued the United States of America, the United States Military Academy, et al. in federal court to win elimination of the honor code, says that he hopes "we will all be allowed to stay, and that the Academy will have a new look at its code." Representative Thomas Downey (D., N.Y.), who was been investigating the cheating scandal, suggests that it would be wasteful to expel perhaps 200 cadets, each of whom, by his third year, has cost the taxpayers $82,000; like Ringgold, he believes that widespread cheating indicates that the system does not work. And a *New York Times* editorial writer has argued that "It is absurd to subscribe to the fiction of military honor so pure and unbending as to permit an evenhanded enforcement of that code. Cadets are human."

What the weight of the evidence points to, of course, is not the desirability of revamping and relaxing the

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honor code, but of tightening and reinforcing it. The Academy's own study claims that half of West Point's cadets *and officers* believe not just that the code does not prevent cheating, but that "opportunities to cheat or violate the code should exist"; the survey-makers themselves wind up with the behavioristic conclusion that "Men are not simply honorable or dishonorable, but fall . . . between these two positions." Clearly there is a degree or two of moral warp at West Point that is not confined to the junior electrical engineering class.

The charge that the honor code extended a standard of moral conduct that is "unattainable" is patently absurd. Its basis is one with which the custodians of moral, religious, and political values are all too familiar: namely, the assumption that it is inhumane to demand of human beings that they measure their behavior against strenuous standards. Why should men strive to be angels, when the angels can just as well let down their standards a bit? Wouldn't hurt *them* any, would it? The trouble is, of course, that to hit the mark you have to aim high: the surest way to the human decencies is to go for the angelic ones. To work for merely human standards is to settle for those of an orangutan. The Declaration of Independence works according to similar principles.

It's a funny thing. You'd think that the *New York Times* would be all for angelic military officers. Certainly the moral caliber of the American military has fallen far short of the *Times*' standards over the past ten years or so; reading its editorials, you'd suppose an Army officer couldn't get too much moral regeneration. So why doesn't it issue a ringing call for Brigadier General Ulmer and his honor code, strictly applied? Well, see, a *cadet* is really a kind of *student*—an occupational mulatto, so to speak, belonging to a class of the quasi-oppressed to which the *Times* has always been charitably disposed.

Riprendete Ogni Speranza

The economic news from Portugal is dismal: mass unemployment; galloping inflation; mismanaged factories; nationalized businesses and expropriated farms limping badly. The social news is bleak: a million refugees from Angola, most of them with no jobs or homes; tens of thousands of the best-trained professionals and executives departed. But the political news, after reaching close to bottom last autumn, has been getting steadily better, and may now be about to swing the balance.

The Communists have never recovered the momentum they lost in the aftermath of the abortive leftist uprising last November. In the April legislative election they were back where they stood a year earlier, and their delegation on the left of the new assembly will be counterbalanced on the right by the invigorated Democratic Center. The moderate Popular Democrats, in their majority anti-Marxist as well as anti-Communist, improved their showing. By a rather small margin, the Socialists will be the plurality party, but without a majority will have to temper the demands of their Marxist wing.

The government does not begin functioning until the June 20 election of a president. Under the new constitution the president is allotted powers on a nearly Gaullist scale, and what may prove the best news of all is the report that General Ramalho Eanes is likely to get the job in spite of his not having sought or wished it. Eanes is that rarity on the Portuguese revolutionary scene during its effervescent youth: a non-ideologue. It was he who put together out of the disintegrated army a disciplined unit that he was able to use to put down the uprising with virtually no bloodshed. He would prefer to continue reorganizing the army into a disciplined and effective public force. But the Socialists, in spite of the objections of their party's hard-Marxist left wing, have now joined with the Popular Democrats and the Democratic Center in what amounts to a draft of General Eanes for the presidency. It is believed that Eanes has agreed to appoint Mario Soares, the Socialist leader, as prime minister in a Socialist-dominated government. Soares, it is said, has accepted Eanes' proposal that the defense and interior (justice) ministries will go to military men; Eanes will make sure that the nominees are not from the Left faction of the Revolutionary Council.

The Communists, thus, will be the odd party out if this arrangement carries through. The Socialists have rejected its call for a Left coalition. The three-party candidate for the presidency will be an anti-Communist, and whoever the Communists end up supporting—they have been vacillating between Admiral Azevedo and current President Costa Gomes, both known as leftists, and may end up with a relatively unknown civilian—will make a feeble showing.

There is trouble ahead—from the Communists, from the desolate and embittered refugees, and from Portugal's almost catastrophic domestic condition—but it has become possible to hope.

Advice for Mr. Reagan

If you beat Jerry (I'm praying you do),
Here's a November suggestion for you:
When Walter Cronkite demands what you think,
Tell him that TVA tickles you pink;
Say—if you *really* want ratings to climb—
"Social Security's here for all time."
If you will follow this basic advice,
We can keep Jimmy or Hubert on ice.

W. H. VON DREELE

Karen Quinlan: A Sequel

The Karen Quinlan case is veering dangerously close to black comedy. It had been assumed that only one decision would have to be taken: if the respirator were

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turned off, Karen Anne Quinlan would die. So the family gird themselves for the court battle; the court finally renders a decision; Karen Anne is gradually weaned away from the respirator; and—she begins breathing on her own. Now the battle is being joined between the doctors—who still have Karen in intensive care, are giving her oxygen periodically, and have sworn to put her back on the respirator if her breathing again fails—and the family—who regard this not as specific treatment for a "medical crisis" but as a continuance of the extraordinary means the court had ruled against.

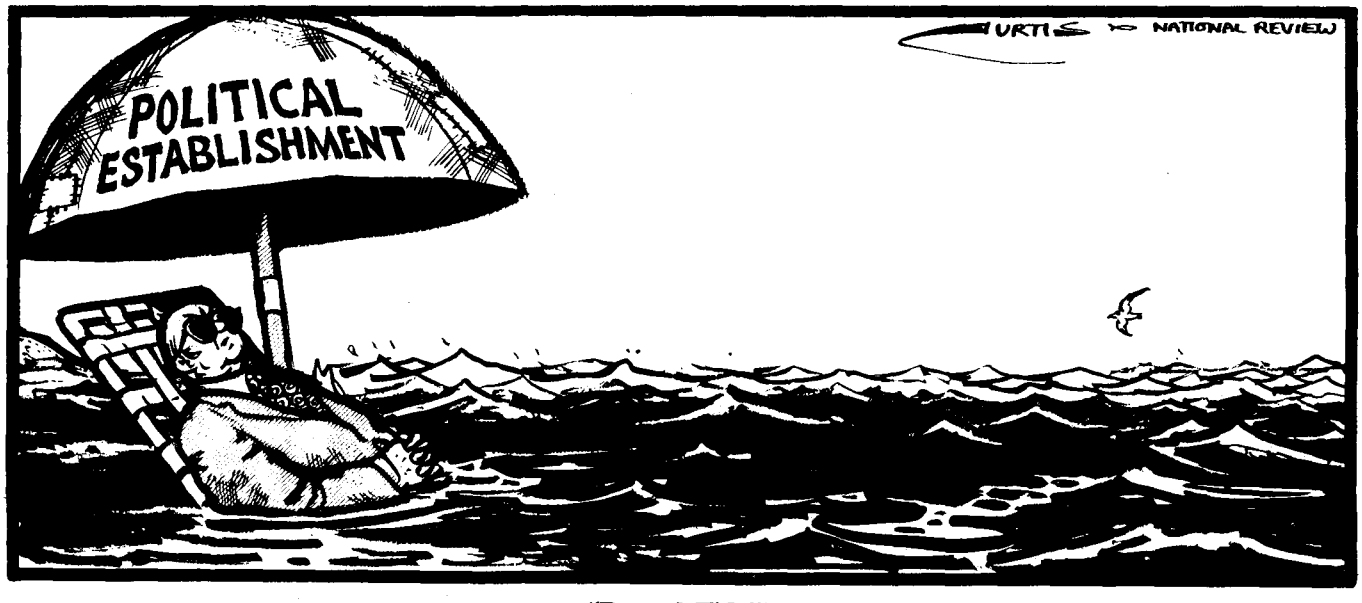
In fact, this turn adds nothing new to the moral and ethical aspects of the case, except that it cuts the ground out from under the easy assumption that you can define "extraordinary means" by reference to a specific mechanical device. If Karen Anne had either died or sat up and begun to speak the day the respirator was turned off, her case would be settled. But the basic questions would still remain: Is there an ethical difference between putting someone permanently on a life-prolonging machine and keeping him alive by a series of temporary measures? What is the difference, if any, between the care required for a patient who can hear and speak and communicate and one who cannot and, as far as the current state of medicine can determine, never will? At bottom, what is death?

Nuclear Accord or Disaccord

After a graceful postponement to avoid encroaching on the Michigan primary, President Ford and General Secretary Brezhnev simultaneously signed the treaty on peaceful nuclear tests that parallels the 1974 treaty on nuclear weapons tests. As in the case of weapons testing, peaceful tests are limited to underground explosions of not more than 150 kilotons. An exception is made for a possible connected series of tests in which no single explosion would be more than 150 kilotons—a procedure that has been under consideration in Russia for such purposes as altering the channel of rivers, but has been abandoned in U.S. planning after lengthy research and experiment. The treaty text provides, with complicated and restrictive conditions, for on-site inspection by experts of the other side of any such series-test that would in total power breach the 150-kiloton limit. (As examples of the inspection rules: Photographs may be taken, but only with Polaroid-type cameras, so that the Russians can immediately inspect the picture. The photographer must be Soviet, but the American can tell him what to shoot. If equipment is sent from the U.S. to the Soviet Union, there must be two identical sets in identically sealed boxes. The Russians choose and get one sealed box and give the Americans the other.)

The double treaty will now be submitted to the Senate for debate on ratification. There is considerable doubt in Washington that the required two-thirds vote can be mustered. A number of liberals are opposed to both treaties because they regard the 150-kiloton ceiling (ten times the Hiroshima bomb) as too high. Some of the liberal senators demand a total ban on all nuclear testing; Jimmy Carter has come out for a preliminary five-year suspension during which the possibility of a total ban could be negotiated.

Several conservative senators are no less strongly opposed, in their case on the grounds that 1) the treaties as they stand are, with the SALT accords, part of a general approach in nuclear weapons negotiations that yields more to the Soviet Union than the United States gets in return; 2) the so-called "on-site inspection" provisions of this peaceful treaty are a fraud—a mere cosmetic frosting to make the dish palatable to U.S. public opinion. One senator, according to the *Washington Post*, called the on-site inspection clauses largely "a public relations move." He predicted that the Soviet Union "will never go into the salvo shots" of multiple



"Darned Tide!"

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explosions above the 150-kiloton ceiling, and that therefore "there will never be any on-site inspection." And if by an unlikely chance the Soviet Union did conduct multiple blasts, he added, the rules and restrictions would make the inspection largely meaningless. The Soviet concession would end up much like the baskets of Soviet concessions on human rights adopted at Helsinki.

Madison Avenue Equality

This summer will see a new phase of the campaign for the Equal Rights Amendment. It promises to be a whopper: major advertising firms, like Ogilvy & Mather, will do their stuff to make ERA sound like something that belongs in every bathroom, and 32 national magazines (from *Ms.* to *True Confessions*) will devote space to it —some of them evenhandedly featuring "discussions," which nonetheless have the primary effect of making ERA both respectable and highly visible.

In his syndicated column, William Rusher points out three typical consequences ERA would entail: 1) In any future war, women would be subject to draft and combat service along with men: if fathers go, mothers go; 2) Social Security taxes would leap: husbands would pay at least an additional $1,000 per year, according to Sylvia Porter, on the assumed value of their wives' services as housekeepers; 3) divorce arrangements would be drastically altered: presumptions favoring women in child custody cases would obviously have to go, and so might requirements that husbands pay alimony or even child support. Above all, as Mr. Rusher notes, a bad law can be repealed. But if ERA produces the turmoil it promises, its status as the fundamental law of the land will make it more difficult and more wrenching to abolish.

Laying aside the individual harms ERA would produce, its political potency lies largely in its promise to become another lucrative boondoggle for the biggest, fastest-growing, most voracious and market-proof industry in America: the regulation industry. The business of tampering with traditionally familial arrangements will provide opportunity for thousands of lawyers and bureaucrats who have hitherto lain at the mercy of the free market. Like affirmative action and consumerist legislation, it represents the transfer of authority from the private to the public sector, and its real beneficiaries will be those who administer it. That is why recruiting expensive advertising firms is a prudent measure for ERA's supporters, and why a key question in assessing its merits is *cui bono*? Nobody brings in Madison Avenue to promote the Universal Rights of Man.

Guzzle, Guzzle, Guzzle

American motorists can continue on their "Bicentennial driving binge" without fretting about an OPEC price increase for at least a couple of months and maybe till the end of the year. Saudi Arabian petroleum minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani dug in his heels at the meeting of OPEC ministers in Bali, Indonesia and, as the representative of OPEC's biggest oil producer, was able to prevent the price increase sought by Iran and Algeria, the oil hawks.

All OPEC proposals must be ratified by all 13 members and there was disagreement on at least two issues: 1) price differentials on the various types of oil (how much more valuable is Saudi Arabia's light crude than Iran's heavy crude?) and 2) the efforts to make oil prices inflation-proof by indexing them to the prices of the goods that OPEC countries import (when the wheat imported by OPEC countries would be raised in price, the OPEC countries would raise their oil prices accordingly). While all OPEC members agree that price differentials and indexing are necessary, they couldn't, at Bali, agree on the fine print. Thus, at the conclusion of their meeting, Indonesia's mining minister Muhammad Sadli said the present price freeze would continue until the next OPEC meeting scheduled for December 15—or until an earlier meeting, which was "possible, maybe probable."

When the sheiks meet again they will be pleased by the upsurge in petroleum demands by the world's biggest oil consumer, the United States. The decrease in U.S. oil usage between 1973 and 1975 discouraged the Arabs from boosting their prices, but energy use this year is booming. The Federal Energy Administration says the nation is consuming gasoline at a rate of 8 per cent ahead of last year. What's more, U.S. oil production is declining (down from a 1970 high of 9.6 million barrels a day to the current 8.1 million barrels a day). While Western Hemisphere countries used to supply the bulk of America's oil imports, in recent years the Arab countries have been garnering an ever increasing proportion of the market that once belonged to Canada and Venezuela. The Petroleum Industry Research Foundation says that in 1975 Eastern Hemisphere countries accounted for 62.3 per cent of all U.S. oil imports, the first time ever that the majority of U.S. oil imports came from outside the Western Hemisphere.

The West seems to be recovering from its recession, the U.S. is daily growing more dependent on Arab crude, and, in the words of one energy expert, "has not even begun energy conservation." If the oil ministers can settle their minor disagreements, the next OPEC meeting should be a pleasant one. Thanks largely to Congress' Energy Act.

No Such Thing as a Free BA

With much wailing and gnashing of teeth, the City University of New York announced on May 28 that it lacked the funds to meet its payroll, and would be forced to close down; and the subsequent gyrations of New York politicians and academics made the Hustle

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NATO at Sixes and Sevens

Belgium has a rifle;
  Britain has a tank.
Frenchmen fire missiles which leave
  Dutchmen looking blank.
Meanwhile, back in Warsaw,
  Where the Reds prepare,
Standardized material is
  There for all to share.

W. H. von Dreele

look uncomplicated. Mayor Beame announced that the city would be forced to cut all its subsidies by 1977, and looked wistfully in the direction of Albany. Governor Carey pointed out that the State was hard up for money itself, and could offer no more than $24 million. One professor announced that his final exam would be held on a ferry boat. The Board of Education waited for action from the Legislature, while the Legislature waited for action from the Board. Finally, the Board caved in and voted, on June 2, to impose a relatively low tuition.

The Board took this heretical step with extreme reluctance. The City University had been tuition-free since its founding in 1847; under "open admissions," this free education had been available to anyone with a New York City diploma, with the predictable result of creating an educational wasteland. But now that the city has spent itself into near-bankruptcy, these open-handed policies had to be abandoned. Some politicians still tried to cling to the old order: one Brooklyn assemblyman, demonstrating on 42nd Street for a $35-million tuition assistance plan, heroically declared, "It's not our job to scour through every line of the budget; it's our job to set priorities." But his colleagues seem to have steeled themselves, however painful it may be, to think the unthinkable. One effect of the modest tuition now to be imposed may be to rescue the City University from academic as well as fiscal bankruptcy.

Martha Mitchell, R I P

During the early days of the Nixon Administration, Martha Mitchell struck everyone—regardless of ideology—as an enormous relief. In that peculiarly constricted milieu she risked spontaneity. In, ironically enough, her Watergate apartment, she was a charming hostess and an amiable friend to many, though the surrounding tone of the Administration, from the President himself on down to the lower levels, suggested that almost everyone had somehow internalized Bob Haldeman's "zero defect system"—which, not surprisingly, turned out to have a few defects. Nixon himself, like LBJ before him, presented to the world a transparently fictitious persona, a sort of Madame Tussaud's waxworks image of a human being. Within the White House and the Executive Office Building, though there were exceptions, the tone was set by buttoned-up functionaries and tense beavers who seemed to have modeled themselves on B. F. Skinner's superego.

Martha Mitchell brought to this scene a welcome touch of zaniness and genuine good humor. Seizing on a rare good thing, the press tended to exploit her. What originally had been innocent japes became media events. During the Watergate furor, her abortive TV career proved to be another and finally pitiable example of the capacity of the media to exploit and consume the vulnerable.

It may be incorrect to describe her as a victim of Watergate, in the wake of which so many lives, careers, and marriages lie wrecked upon the shore, but surely she, like many other individuals, had no inkling of what lay in store for her when she journeyed to Washington in 1969 with the incoming Nixon Administration.

Francis Graham Wilson, R I P

Although by any standard he was a scholar, and a productive one, Francis Wilson was more a presence than an academician. His rigorous standards, professional and personal, never bound him to that kind of misanthropic other-worldliness that sets apart so many men who live primarily the life of the mind. Francis Wilson, during his long career as a professor of political science at the University of Illinois, befriended dozens and dozens of young scholars, notably Willmoore Kendall, who was there to do his doctoral thesis in the Thirties. When Professor Wilson wrote *The Case for Conservatism* in 1951, he analyzed, calmly and cogently, the history of the American intellectual Right, adding cement to the tentative scaffolding which a legion of young scholars were painstakingly constructing. He was perhaps less an intellectual mentor to them than a well-wisher. His adamantine Christianity—like John Hallowell's—touched, and indeed buoyed, his work. His death, after a long life, leaves his friends saddened, but gratified at the total performance of a civilized man.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your reply to the language instructor who found it "irresistible . . . to overlook your rare slip in syntax" should have been not "*Nolo contendere*," but rather "*Tu quoque*."

Charles Floto
New Haven, Connecticut

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■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

That Guatemalans think of Mexicans as the Colossus of the North is Mexican wishful thinking. As a matter of fact, we hardly think of them. But now that you bring the matter up, I think that Mexicans must think of *Guatemala* as the Colossus of the South because they even have high protective tariffs to protect their infants from our giants. Very truly yours,

Manuel F. Ayau
Universidad Francisco Marroquín
Guatemala

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a mossbacked Republican, as well as the director of a small-arms school, I must point out that, quite contrary to Dr. Roche's remarks on the subject ["Notes & Asides," May 28], the recoil of the U.S. service .45 auto pistol is a completely trivial consideration. I am prepared to teach even a small, thin Democrat to fire the fearsome .45 easily with just the thumb and forefinger of one hand, in one short lesson, providing he or she (or it) undertakes in return to bore from within against the confiscation corps in his own party. Cordially,

Jeff Cooper
The American Pistol Institute
Paulden, Arizona

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Regarding John Greenway's and John P. Roche's little disagreement over how best to eliminate Democratic voters, I just want to report that we Texas Republicans found a foolproof method for cutting down on the number of Democrats.

We ran Ronald Reagan in the Republican presidential primary. We found this to be far more effective than practicing on our shooting ranges every day, and we even had time for a little tennis. Cordially,

Tom Tyler III
Houston, Texas

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Although the subject of this note may be more "aside" than most, I feel I must comment on the assertion by Mr. John P. Roche that a novice using an "Army .45" to defend himself would be likely to "blow a hole in the ceiling" because of the ferocious recoil of that particular weapon.

1. There have been, by my count, seven different handguns which could be described as an "Army .45," but I shall assume he is referring to the Colt Model 1911 automatic.

2. The recoil of this gun, while certainly noticeable, has frequently been exaggerated by those with some experience with the weapon in order to impress those who have none.

3. More to the point, neither the .45 auto nor any other gun will blow holes in the ceiling when fired from a level position because, in case Mr. Roche has forgotten, it is just not in the natural order of things for a gun to recoil before it is fired. A. W. Thornton Jr.
Dallas, Texas

Fisher, *Punch* Rothco

"The thing I really miss is lecturing the Western nations on how to run a democracy."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Pray tell us readers the difference between "certain inalienable rights," as I read in my copy of The Declaration, and "certain unalienable rights," as printed on page 554 of NATIONAL REVIEW. Sincerely,

Colonel Fred W. Miller
Scottsdale, Arizona

P.S.: My dictionary says that "inalienable" and "unalienable" are synonymous.

Dear Colonel: "Unalienable" is the word Jefferson used. "Inalienable" is what is nowadays used. "Alienable" is what describes the rights we fought for. Cordially,

WFB

■ Sir:

It is my opinion that you and your brother, putting Israel first, would rather see taxpayers charged billions for the benefit of Israel and your oil interests in the hope of having the country go to war with the Arabs (and Russians) than see one dime of federal aid go to New York City. You are revolting. Sincerely,

Eliot H. Sharp
1 Pierrepont Street
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Mr. Sharp: Revolting? Well I should hope *so*. This is the 200th anniversary of our revolt. How do *you* plan to spend the Fourth? Cordially, **—WFB**

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The Whipping Boy Club

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

We all understand that a certain group of nations is beyond the pale. The group is not large, and changes occur now and then in its roster. Spain is Old Boy, with 37 unbroken years. South Africa joined after the Nationalist Party took over in 1948; Rhodesia in 1965, at the time of her Unilateral Declaration of Independence. Germany became a member a couple of years after Hitler came to power; then was phased out in the five years following the war. Italy and Japan never did get full membership. Greece had a seven-year run in the Colonel years. Chile has been included since 1973. Currently, Brazil, South Korea, the Republic of China (Taiwan), and Israel are on the threshold, and may be considered associate members.

The prime criterion for membership in this group of nations—I will call it the Whipping Boy Club (WBC)—is moral: A WBC member is evil. Not just bad now and then, like the rest of us, but essentially evil, like Satan, evil in every act and aspect. If a WBC member sends money to an earthquake relief fund, rescues a shipwrecked sailor, or invites athletes or actors to visit, we can be sure these are all Potemkin village tricks designed to con World Opinion.

Since WBC members are evil, all-evil, it is not only permissible but morally mandatory that we should hate them and seek to thwart their nefarious designs. Just as in our contest with the Prince of Evil, anything goes in dealing with a WBC member. Naturally, we are as firmly against terrorism as the next man, but when it comes to terrorists *v.* a WBC member, well, those liberators after all have right basically on their side, and how else are you going to deal with entrenched villains? Obviously, a contract with a WBC member does not bind. In UN debates, journalistic comment, or neighborhood chitchat, they deserve the worst mouth we are capable of giving them.

For men of good will, the evil of the WBC is axiomatic. If we write an editorial about South Africa or Chile, direct a play or movie, give a speech at the UN or the Council on Foreign Relations, converse with a stranger at a cocktail party, introduce a resolution at a faculty meeting, we don't have to waste time proving that the regime is evil; we all know that to begin with.

Beyond Proof and Reason

Besides the essential evil, do WBC members have other distinctive traits? Dictatorial government, maybe? None of them, certainly, has been a model of universal, pluralist democracy, but that doesn't get us far in separating goats from sheep. Dictatorships are a dime a dozen these days, and WBC dictatorships have been on the whole less total than others we might mention.

They throw dissidents into jail without due process? This has indeed been their treatment of some dissidents and opponents. Again, it can hardly be considered a distinctive characteristic in our epoch. There are a few hundred political prisoners in South Africa, Spain, and Chile, and a few score in Rhodesia. Amnesty International estimates up to 10,000 in the People's Republic of Yemen (out of 1,500,000 population). There are 40,000 or so in India. There are more political prisoners in Greece today than under the Colonels. In Uganda, Burundi, Cambodia, et al., no one bothers to jail opponents, finding it much simpler to kill them. In a world that includes the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China, there's surely nothing special about jailing a few opponents.

Torture? Some, by what seem to be reliable accounts. Amnesty states, though, that it has confirmed the use of torture in 97 countries.

How about racism, a prominent theme of anti-WBC exhortation? In this imperfect world of ours, there is, alas, not a little racism as well as dictatorship, torture, and denial of due process, and the WBC does not hold a monopoly. Most Asian nations have their quiet racist ways, as children of mixed parentage in Japan or dark Dravidians in India can tell us. Even an official British spokesman admitted to Parliament the other day that Africanization had, as he put it, "an element of racism." Didn't the old saying go: One touch of racism makes the whole world kin? Actually, some WBC members (Chile) and associate members (Brazil, pre-1974 Portugal) have notably non-racist records for mixed-race nations.

So racism in general is not a distinctive WBC mark. White racism, though, is something else again. It will get you a membership every time, no other questions asked.

The governments of all WBC members, past and present, are right-wing, and also (the special case of Germany apart) pro-West and pro-United States. Here we seem to be getting a little warmer. True, there are nations that have right-wing, pro-West, pro-U.S. governments but do not belong to the Club, so these traits are not sufficient conditions for membership. But they are necessary conditions. No nation with a left-wing, anti-West, or anti-U.S. government is or has ever been a member.

All WBC members outlaw the Communist Party (or parties). In this case, too, we have located a necessary condition of membership. No nation within which Communists have political rights has ever been a member.

Also true: Every WBC member is the target of a sustained hostile campaign conducted by Communist nations and the global Communist movement.

Take That and That

My researches, herein summarized, have not yet reached their goal: a clear-cut answer to the question, Why are nations X and Y universally recognized to belong to the WBC, and nations A, B, C, and D not to belong? We have managed, though, I feel, to unearth some parts or hints of possible answers. Whatever the full explanation—and it may be partly mere chance—I don't think the world will abolish the WBC. The whipping boy ("A boy kept to be whipped when a prince deserved chastisement," *Def.*) is an ancient and cherished institution. As the whipping boy satisfies the Conscience of Mankind, he can also be a useful diversion for a strategist, a guarantor of headlines for a UN orator, or a comfort to a frustrated Secretary of State. □

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APPRAISAL

How did a Harvard professor get to be America's pop economist? By following this simple recipe: remove all chewy substances; spice the remaining mush well; present in an attractive dish. Voila! Economics for the masses

On Professor Galbraith's View of America

WILLIAM PETERSEN

"WHILE FEW of the ideas expressed in Galbraith's nontechnical writings are totally original, his careful didactic style (rendered palatable by fine wit) has made an impression on liberal audiences and won the grudging respect of academic economists." That appraisal, by economist Peter Passell of Columbia University, sums up the ambivalent reputation of this past president of the American Economics Association and former professor of economics at Harvard. In the view of most of his colleagues, John Kenneth Galbraith's strong point is his successful popularization of their ideas.

The ingredients of Galbraith's "careful didactic style" can be found in almost any of his books, for he perfected it early. It is convenient to illustrate mainly from the most recent, *Money: Whence It Came, Where It Went*:

1. The staple point is that everything is easy. "There is nothing about money that cannot be understood by the person of reasonable curiosity, diligence, and intelligence." Such phrases as *not mysterious* or *perfectly simple*—"the process by which banks create money is so simple that the mind is repelled"—continually reassure the untutored that a lack of prior study is no hindrance to full comprehension.

2. As a corollary, then, writers who make demands on their readers, who "cultivate the belief that they are in privileged association with the occult," are behaving like a "doctor or witch doctor," manufacturing complexities in order to "gain prestige, esteem, and pecuniary return." That memorable phrase "conventional wisdom," which Galbraith coined to characterize ideas from which he dissociates himself, is one of the more successful putdowns in the English language. The use of this phrase separates the popularizer from the vulgarizer: the former smooths over complications, but the latter denigrates all who do not also see the world as abecedarian.

3. When everything is made easy, boredom may set in unless the text is spruced up. Every ten pages or so, Galbraith interrupts his argument to tell a funny story (which in *Money* is often scatological). Such anecdotes, generally not even distantly related to the text, are dragged in to keep the reader (who is assumed to have retained an adolescent taste in humor) awake.

4. But in order to produce *haute vulgarisation*, as even the editors of *Esquire* know, one must maintain a Serious Purpose. *Money* begins with a post-Watergate denunciation of Nixon, who shows up ten times in the course of the book. Like the recurrent references to excrement or sex, the no less repetitious barbs at routine liberal targets serve to lighten a dull topic, while, in this case, reassuring the reader that he is participating, if only vicariously, in the struggle against evil.

This, then, is the recipe. Remove all chewy substances, noting humorously that some chefs, in order to improve their reputation, leave them in. Spice the remaining mush well, and add a soupçon of crunchy ingredients from another recipe. Present in an attractive dish, well garnished. Serves a multitude.

What else can one say about the book except the obvious—that the framework, the "style," dominates it? From John Law on, bankers have mostly been crooks. They discovered early on that banks can create money, of which they take their share as interest. Whether this discovery constituted a Good Thing is a major issue in *Money*, but one which Galbraith never quite resolves. The fear of inflation is, of course, mostly reactionary nonsense, but if the supply of money is fed by bankers (rather than by progressive governments), can one altogether approve? Galbraith omits not only monetarist theory, but also—what he used to be quite good at—an exposition of banks as a social institution. The book has no heroes until, three-quarters through it, we come to Keynes—who, four decades after the publication of

Mr. Petersen, a member of the Department of Sociology at Ohio State University, has also written for Commentary, Encounter, *and the* New York Times Magazine.

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The General Theory, is still the youthful knight battling Say's Law to a grand victory. The text barely hints that many more now doubt the total wisdom of Keynes's policies than in that hoary past (including even some of Galbraith's liberal friends, as he has ruefully pointed out in *U.S. News & World Report*). In the afterword Galbraith concludes that bankers are now more stupid than dishonest, and raising their intelligence is his first recommendation for improving the economy.

Poor No More

Money is Galbraith's worst book, the nadir of a long descent from professional competence to the misuse of his status as an economist for political advocacy. Back in 1952, when *American Capitalism* was published, Galbraith was a bit nervous about the book's deviation from academic style. "I am proud," he asserted in the foreword, "to be a professional economist," and it was only because he wrote the book for laymen that he found it necessary "to simplify a good many matters." According to *American Capitalism*, the common allegation that the economy was controlled by the two hundred largest corporations was a "myth"; "Private economic power is held in check by the countervailing power of those who are subject to it. The first begets the second. . . . In the typical modern market of few sellers, the active restraint is provided not by competitors but, from the other side of the market, by strong buyers." The clearest example of this principle of countervailing power was the labor market: where once there was a grossly unequal contest between U.S. Steel, for instance, and workers lining up to wait for an assignment, there now is competition between a corporation and a trade union of comparable power.

The discussion of advertising in *American Capitalism* is, in retrospect, intriguing. The announcement by, say, department stores that there are new goods for sale "invites no comment on grounds of social efficiency." The advertising of brand-name goods, such as cigarettes, he regarded as wasteful, but with none of the handwringing implied by Stuart Chase's phrase "the tragedy of waste." From his intellectual heights Galbraith looked down with "equanimity" on the antics of advertisers, for "the alternative use of resources which a wealthy community appears to use frivolously will always be in other frivolous employments." The genuine problem, he remarked in passing, was not the advertising *per se* of tobacco, liquor, chocolates, automobiles, and soap but rather the mental health of a country that already was, for instance, "dangerously neurotic about normal body odors." One can sense the future Naderized society, with regulatory agencies stipulating in precise and arbitrary detail the acceptable balance between smelly underarms and an unhealthy, compulsive avoidance of normal body odor.

The Affluent Society appeared in two editions, 1958 and 1969. The most revelatory section of the book is the introduction to the second edition, in which Galbraith rather petulantly complains that his usually fine nose for the main chance had somehow failed him. The Carnegie Corporation had given him a grant to study "the causes of continuing poverty in the United States," and the title of the book was to have been *Why People Are Poor*—which indeed, in 1958, would have thudded like an invitation to a prompt remaindering. Instead, the presumed subject was tucked away in one 11-page chapter, while the book concentrated on showing the irrelevance of the problem Galbraith had been engaged to study: "Poverty was the all-pervading fact of [the past]. Obviously it is not ours." On the very eve of the "war against poverty," when every self-respecting liberal would weep for the American poor, the man whose mirror each morning declared him to be the liberalest of them all was represented by a book whose very title labeled the campaign a bit of a fraud:

> Goods are abundant. More die in the United States of too much food than of too little. Where the population was once thought to press on the food supply, now the food supply presses relentlessly on the population. . . . The production of goods creates the wants that goods are presumed to satisfy.

The problem in the affluent United States, according to Galbraith, was not a shortage of anything but a maldistribution between the private and the public sectors. With hyper-efficiency, private corporations produce goods and services beyond what any reasonable population could desire, while government agencies are unable to exercise minimum competence in running the schools, providing police and fire protection, sweeping the streets, or collecting the garbage. It is a contrast with which readers of this magazine are familiar, but they should not imagine that Galbraith also concluded that private enterprise is necessarily desirable, or that a politicized monopoly—government enterprise—often engenders sloth and fraud. The trouble, according to his diagnosis, was a lack of "social balance": public services are denied the funding they require. The charge was made in some of the book's purplest passages, unadorned by any statistics on taxes. From the fact that the public sector was doing a worse and worse job while receiving a larger and larger share of the national income, Galbraith concluded that the solution was to shovel still more tax dollars into that inviting maw. If affluence is seen as a social problem, this is indeed a reasonably effective solution.

Edsels and Mustangs

In *The New Industrial State* (1967), it is no longer a myth that we are controlled by the several hundred largest corporations. This control, on the contrary, is the inevitable consequence of the enormous complexity of the "technostructure" (a complexity that apparently arose since 1952, when the author of *American Capitalism* failed to note its crucial importance):

> In addition to deciding what the consumer will want and will pay, the firm must take every feasible step to see that what it decides to produce is wanted by the consumer at a remunerative price. And it must see that the labor, materials, and equipment that it needs will be available at a cost consistent with the price it will receive. It must exercise control over what is sold. It must exercise control over what is supplied. It must replace the market with planning.

From a man whose command of English has been praised repeatedly, this is a strange series of sentences. What is the denotation of *must* in the sentence: the firm "must exercise control"? Is no more meant than that it "must take every feasible step"; and, if so, in what sense is this typical entrepreneurial behavior a novelty? Or, under Professor Galbraith's direction, is some Marxian *deus ex machina* entering the stage from the left; are the immutable workings of "the system," of

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what Marx called History, overwhelming both the desires of individuals and the reflections of those desires in social institutions?

In the whole of this long and repetitious work, the dilemma is never resolved. The level of argument is suggested by the initial example: since the Ford Company spent three years and millions of dollars in developing the Mustang, it must have seen that the buying public would respond favorably to this new product. That the same amount of effort and money went into planning the Edsel might strike simple-minded critics as a counter-example worth serious attention. Galbraith disposes of it in a footnote: "One may have planning without precision of result and there will also be occasional failures. Accordingly, to cite a failure . . . is not to disprove this argument." In other words, firms "must" control every factor of production and distribution, except when they cannot.

The Flatulent Society

The most important facet of Galbraith's argument concerns the alleged control over the consumer. Orthodox theory contends that the consumer's choice among alternative commodities is sovereign. But according to Galbraith, "The general effect of sales effort, defined in the broadest terms, is to shift the locus of decision in the purchase of goods from the consumer, where it is beyond control, to the firm, where it is subject to control." Once again, the argument goes from the obvious *purpose* of a sales effort, through a discounting of failure as irrelevant, to the conclusion that in general the firm *controls* what shall be bought. That Galbraith changed his position from his earlier work does not prove the later one wrong, but the unconvincing evidence he presents for the efficiency of advertising certainly does not prove it right.

Market research, which tests the effectiveness of advertising, has no problem explaining sales when the mood of the market is buoyant. So long as firms try to sell goods and the public buys them, the two facts can be joined into a causal sequence, described in such jargon as PREP, which to the initiate stands for Predictive Recall and Effectiveness Potential. But the presumption that firms can effectively manipulate their potential customers weakens in the face of an economic recession, and during 1974 *Advertising Age* continually probed the industry's pretensions. "Where are we going in media research?" one typical article asked, and answered, "Nowhere." There was not only the "almost fatal debacle" of the Simmons agency, which *Time* sued for its alleged misrepresentation of that magazine's advertising effectiveness, but a widespread recognition that "proper media research measurement" was undergoing "not even a marking of time but, in truth, steps backward." Scenting the upturn in the economy, advertising executives have recently regained some of their characteristic aplomb. According to the chairman of BBDO, one of the larger ad agencies, the first three quarters of 1975 were marked by a wait-and-see attitude, but during the last quarter "a much more aggressive attitude toward 1976" developed. Joy on Madison Avenue, still tentative, so obviously trails after the economy that only a Harvard professor could seriously believe that the cart pulls the horse.

Consumer sovereignty in the market is like democratic choice in politics. The tastelessness of deodorant ads is matched by the ballyhoo of conventions or the silly sloganizing of most political campaigns. Because the public is sometimes swayed by such flatulence in both domains, many analysts assume that it never makes free choices. Thus, in a short "digression on socialism," Galbraith concluded that behind their different ideological façades, the managers of both Soviet and Western industrial enterprises are taking over. But in the market as in politics, the day-to-day apathy of the ordinary person does not lessen the crucial importance of his right to decide some portion of his fate when he sees the need. It is a measure of an intellectual's myopia if, in concentrating on the structural parallels, he becomes incapable of distinguishing between totalitarian and democratic institutions.

Economics and the Public Purpose (1973), its foreword informs us, is "in descent" from *The Affluent Society* and *The New Industrial State* (again, for an acknowledged stylist a remarkably ambiguous locution). While the argument develops from one to the next of the three works, essentially they are the same book in three editions, each adapted to the changing dictates of the particular decade's liberal credo. Interspersed with books on Galbraith's Scottish ancestors, his adventures as an ambassador, and Indian painting, these three stand as his major achievement, his considered judgment of his adopted homeland.

Liberating the Little Woman

For one who has followed the serial's earlier episodes, there is little new in *Economics and the Public Purpose*. The venom against other academicians has become a bit more deadly: "Economists are not deliberately subservient to economic interest," but "with his attention elsewhere, the economist can, without damage to conscience, 'support a system that maltreats large numbers of people'" (the final phrase is quoted from one of the "young economists" who, Galbraith repeatedly remarks, are seeing the light). This is harsher than "conventional wisdom" but not crucially different from it.

The short summary on how advertising affects the economy is supplemented by two remarkable chapters on the role of women, with citations running from Veblen to *Ms.* magazine. "One of the singular achievements of the planning system has been in winning acceptance by women of a crypto-servant role—in making acquiescence a major manifestation of the convenient social virtue." The statement typifies Galbraith's mode of argumentation. By objectifying impersonal forces ("the planning system," "the technostructure," even occasionally "the Establishment"), he continually suggests a vast conspiracy without being so crass as to specify it. The most preposterous assertions can then be made as if they were based on the (non-existent) evidence. Indeed, over the ages the domestic role of the typical woman has resembled that of the servant, but this is less true today in the United States than at any prior time or in any other country. And as Giedion documented in his fascinating *Mechanization Takes Command*, one of the most important liberating factors has been the impressive array of new household implements, the very commodities that in Galbraith's curious view keep females in thrall. Without a household refrigerator, to take only one item, someone in the family must shop every day, and the women of India or Israel need no advertising to tell them which pattern of life they would prefer.

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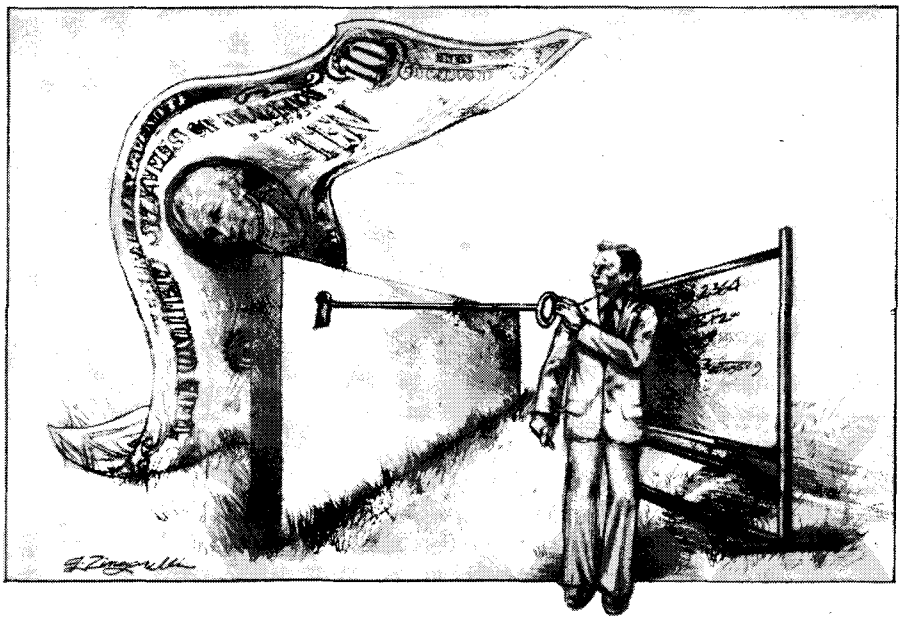

Having hit on the word *emancipation*, Galbraith found he liked the sound of it and devoted several chapters to advocating the emancipation of belief (I don't know what it means either), the emancipation of the state (this is "*the* issue in all electoral process"), and the emancipation of the market system (by, for example, strong and effective support of trade unions and a major increase in the minimum wage). For various reasons (the condition of life in the Soviet Union not among them), socialism is not popular in the United States, but a "new socialism" is not only urgent; it is "indispensable." There follows a rehash of *The Affluent Society*: from a contrast between efficient market operations and inefficient state enterprises, he concludes that the latter must be expanded.

Down from Economics

By most of the usual indicators, Galbraith has had a successful career, yet one notes in his works—especially in *Money*—a nagging recognition that something essential is lacking. Even his style is deteriorating: too many of the barbs are merely hostile rather than also funny; and the extended program of reform proposed in the last chapters of *Economics and the Public Purpose* is witless in both senses of the word. Lured by his facile writing from the work of serious analysis, Galbraith has ended up riding the familiar hobbyhorse of liberal academia and becoming as ridiculous as his confrères.

Like many of the other economists known to the general public (one thinks of Myrdal or, several steps down, Heilbroner), Galbraith is not really an economist at all. His argumentation is not that of a professional for more reasons than that it fails to rely on empirical evidence and the discipline's technical apparatus.

Economics is the most precise of the social disciplines because economists set rigid boundaries to the range of problems they may deal with; they limit themselves to problems that yield to mathematical analysis. No single solution is ever given to such problems, but the responses can still be subjected to increasingly subtle analysis. Critics of orthodox economics, from Marx to Veblen on down, have seen this strength as the discipline's main weakness: by concentrating on one portion of an interrelated social-political-cultural-economic system, economists lose touch with reality. Their models, however elaborate, become increasingly artificial. Indeed, there can be much substance to the charge, but to maintain something of the rigor of economic analysis over a wider range of social behavior, using variables and data that are generally far less precise, demands the gluttony for hard work, not to say the genius, of a Max Weber.

The whole structure of economic thinking pertains to "economizing"—that is, to making the relatively better choice between two or more possible alternatives (e.g., suffering a loss in quality in order to get more quantity, or vice versa). In sociology, on the other hand, ordinarily one social problem is studied at a time and given a theoretically complete solution. For example, sociologists who study marriage and the family typically show much concern about how to reduce the inordinately high incidence of divorce in the United States; and very often these same sociologists, in another context, support feminist demands that women be granted more economic and social independence. The point that an economist, but not a sociologist, is trained to see is that these two demands are reciprocal; they sit on opposite ends of a see-saw. The more independence women have in the larger society, the less likely they are to remain in less than perfect marriages. Assuming both goals to be desirable, the question then becomes how much of one is to be sacrificed in order to realize a portion of the other—a question that Galbraith never poses.

Up to Liberalism

By an axiom of leftist politics (especially revolutionary, but also liberal), any group of forward-looking people can, with sufficient will, achieve anything. For by Leninist dogma or unstated assumption, History is on their side; they need only step on the up escalator of Progress. Thus, Galbraith is correct in criticizing even so like-minded an economist as Samuelson; for so long as one sees the social world, as Samuelson does, in terms of alternatives—of choices of more of this good for less of that good—one must be a somewhat inadequate liberal. Follow me, the Prophet proclaims, and your dreams shall be the mere foretaste of your new life. During Galbraith's career, the tension in his writing between the two points of view gradually diminished; as he became less and less of an economist, he became a better and better liberal. Manifestly, if a revolutionary or progressive government can make its own money without social cost, it can buy anything it wants: the didactic point of *Money* is that not only monetarist theory but also the concept of economizing are parts of a witch doctor's brew. On balance, Galbraith can look back on his life with great satisfaction, for his career as a liberal prophet has been so successful that only a niggling critic would note the abandonment of his earlier profession. □

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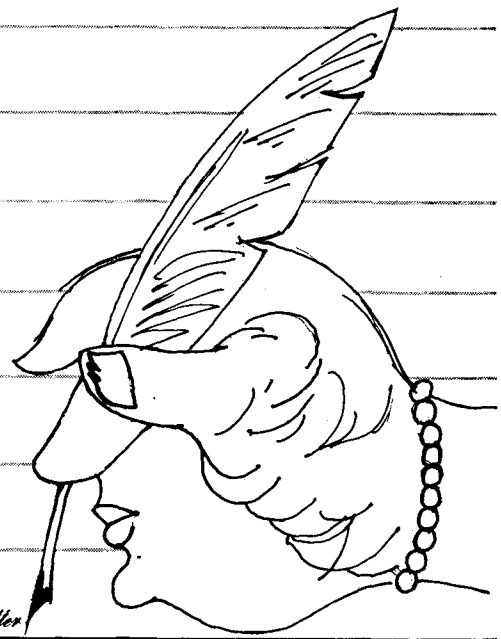
OPEN LETTER

After ten years spent working in ghetto schools, a teacher decides to get out. Her students' looks, their cutting remarks tell her she is a "white racist oppressor." It wasn't always this way, but that's the way it is now



Hats off to Jesse Jackson

BARBARA NAUER

Dear Reverend Jackson: It is out of character for me to rise at 4 a.m., as now, to compose a letter

DEAR Reverend Jackson:
It is out of character for me to rise at 4 A.M., as now, to compose a letter to a public figure and a stranger. But today you do not seem like a stranger. Something that you recently did, and which I just learned about, caused me to have a good cry last evening, when I badly needed one. I slept fitfully, feeling the writer's restless urge to commit important thoughts to paper.

Last evening I read in *America* magazine that while you were speaking to a junior high school assembly in Washington, you suggested that the boys take their hats off. And the hats came off. *America* duly noted the exceptional grace of leadership you displayed in this little incident.

If I dissolved over the mere reporting of the affair, that is not because I am an exceptionally emotional person. Nor am I especially sentimental about kid stuff, since, as the mother of five teenagers, I have a certain wry perspective on it. The exaggerated reaction came because yesterday I came to a painful decision. After nearly ten years working full time in black education, I decided to get out of it. Let us say that I packed up my treasures—the beliefs and values and kind of education that I represent—and came home.

Do you mind listening to my story, Jesse? You are a kind and sincere man, but I fear that you will be thinking, before this is over—and I intend to hit only my story's high spots here—that the Ancient Mariness holds you with her glittering eye. So be it.

I teach English in a program for disadvantaged black students in a good-sized state university. All day long yesterday I found myself being dumped on more outrageously than usual by the students in my classes. This is not to fault our school in any way, or even the students in this particular pre-college program, for by now mine is a "camel's back" situation. The insupportable straw just happened to get laid on the poor beast by these particular kids and at this particular point.

The details of what happened are irrelevant. Suffice it to say that there was only slightly more than usual of the calculated insult and abuse that I have routinely received from the black students I have taught during the last seven or eight years. My experience, I should explain, has been gained in four institutions of higher learning, including public and private schools, and in two different ghetto high schools.

I write to you about these things, friend, because even now, long after I had my good cry, *I am afraid for you.* A man who asks young people, especially black young people, to remove their hats in his presence clearly believes himself to be *respectable.* Such a man, these days, is almost certain to be taken, sooner or later, for an "enemy of the people."

For such a man has dared to assert that he either is or has something special and that he feels neither ashamed nor guilty about it. His action announces that he stands for things that are greater than individuals—awesome, important things. For me there is something in such a man that is akin to that which informed the priests and nuns I knew as a child. He acknowledges that the sacred exists and that it is as real and alive as the dross. To acknowledge this is to have the *good power.*

I grow increasingly convinced that all men and women in our schools who have the good power are doomed. I have watched ordinary kids drop heavy metal folding chairs down a stairwell in an effort to hit the assistant principal, a kindly middle-aged black minister, who was ascending the stairs two floors below. I have taught where teachers and administrators must zigzag through the corridors so as not to be easy targets for hurled soda cans, locker padlocks, and discarded books.

I HAVE HAD my purse rifled several times, my briefcase emptied out a fourth-floor window, my tires slashed, and my classroom displays routinely ripped down or scrawled over with lipsticked obscenities. During one of my more spirited outpourings about how important topic sentences are to paragraphs, a cherry bomb exploded at my feet.

Jesse, I have for years now seen all teachers, black and white, who demanded from black students, or just ex-

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pected from them, or even tried to talk to them about politeness, self-discipline, industry, honesty, promptness, attention in class, or cleanness in speech, meet with mockery, sullen contempt, or even physical assault.

In fact, it is getting so that teachers who have a great deal of good power can scarcely bear to remain at their jobs any more. If they are black, their hearts break, and they begin to cast about for other things to do, perhaps social or political work that will get more directly at the "root" of what is so bewilderingly wrong in our schools. If they are white, they want to leave because their hearts are wrung out. They feel ravaged and stomped. They feel themselves beginning to hate their students back, and this frightens them.

ACCORDING to *America*'s report, Reverend, and not surprisingly, you already know the scene I describe here. But I wonder how well you know what went before it. Do you remember how generally trusting and amiable, how *teachable*, the black kids were who first flocked into our college programs in the Sixties? The black youngsters in those first waves came respectfully. *They came with their hats off.*

Yes, let that momentous fact be set down in the official record before the howls of outrage against black youth rise any higher in this land. And let me enter there another, that black young people came to us hungry for the good power. They called it black power, but what they meant was the old good familiar thing. And we—or most of us—who were the trusted guardians of that power kindled at their appeal and leaped to share our good power with them.

So what happened? How did we get from there to here? How has it come about that I—author of a number of articles about the needs of black students in English, veteran of programs for the disadvantaged in so many schools—have decided to pull out of black education? And whence came all these—"demon children"?

That is a long story, much too long to detail here. I shall turn it all into a novel, I expect, one day. For now let me simply explain that along with the good-power teachers and administrators in the colleges in the Sixties, there were a few white sheep-skinned wolves. Unknown to the rest of us, they had been slipping into our key institutions of education and communications, via the ordinary channels, for some years prior to the influx of the minority kids. And when the "new students" started arriving in vast numbers, the wolves swung quietly into action.

They ate our black students alive. They made high feast especially of the sober young Vietnam veterans. They taught black students only one subject —hatred—in courses variously named Western Civilization, Black Literature, Writing Lab, and Basic Economics. And did those starved, eager, and impressionable kids ever learn.

They learned to cry "white racist oppressor" against the college testing apparatus, the new remedial instruction programs, the ordinary requirement that compositions be written in standard English, the traditional grading system, attendance requirements—even against the bookstore and cafeteria for their prices.

Coached by these malign teachers, black students soon came to see even dress codes and common courtesy as inherently racist. The young men's hats, long symbols of street *machismo*, now became symbols of rebellion against authority. Inside school buildings or outside, the hats would stay on. Their size began to take on special meaning: the bigger the hat, the meaner the cat. School officials had no choice but to capitulate on the hat issue, especially since the most vocal and aggresssive of the faculty were aligned with the rebellious students.

Jesse, when you confront in younger and younger kids both the hats and the ugly and frightening attitudes they represent, do you ever wonder why we who were there at the first rising and swelling of this racial paranoia did not check its growth? Would you believe (I suspect that by now Eldridge Cleaver would) that we were helpless against the force of those feelings—*and still are*?

I find it depressing to recall how much we were deceived by appearances. It especially distresses me, who in those days considered myself a liberal, that skin color was such a block to discernment. Because the cry of the students was always some variation of "Black Power," and because the rebels who were occupying deans' offices and wrecking the bookstore and smarting off to security guards and teachers were mainly black students, it seemed that the source of the madness had to be black too.

Those of us who in the midst of the turmoil collected our wits long enough to delve into the matter decided much too quickly that the Muslims and the Panthers and like groups were chiefly to blame. Only after it was too late—after our good instructional programs had been dismantled or phased out, our conscientious administrators hurled out of office, our professional policy-making and grievance groups taken over, our contracts terminated, ourselves and our families terrorized—did we understand that the power that was out to destroy us was not black. But astonishingly few ever saw this. And of those who did, there were fewer still who had the courage to say it.

And it is depressing, too, to consider how very few good-power academics there turned out to be, once the Sixties war for the colleges began. True, there were countless good people on our campuses, honest and high-minded liberal academics. But there were very few carriers of the good power. In those days, as now, the goodness of liberals was grounded in a commitment or creed so vague as to yield readily to the ideas of those who were quietly but surely taking over the campuses.

THE LIBERALS quickly became convinced, by the same people who had convinced the students, that it would be a *good* thing, good for our deprived and scholastically inferior minority students, if we high-minded faculty would rid American colleges everywhere of all those things that were "forcing white elitist values on the black minority" and "depriving black students of their African identity." In short, these good but naïve teachers capitulated easily to the enemy in our midst, without ever recognizing him as the enemy.

But another factor operated too in the takeover of American colleges, a weakness that existed even among the good-power academics. It was a kind of stupidity or naïveté, which, as near as I can tell, resulted from two hundred years of democratic freedom as much as from anything else. We were totally unprepared to deal with colleagues who were not only ruthless but also skilled in the use of a democracy's political machinery—its caucuses, ballotings, meetings, committees, parliamentary rules, etc.—for subversive ends.

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We old-timers invariably discovered too late that *they* had taken over a new power position in our landscape—the AAUP chapter, the tenure committee, the chair of something or other—after we had decided that the meeting was breaking up and had gone home to our families. Smile, Jesse, but when the fires of war were at their highest, we children of freedom would be half dead from smoke inhalation before it dawned on us that the "departmental meeting" to which we had been called was actually an occasion for a hatchet job on some new unsuspecting victim.

A final key factor in this picture, however, was independent of anyone's control. This was the preternatural virulence of lies. A lie begun one day would be raging like a brush fire the next. It was as if those who carefully designed the lies had imparted to them a measure of their own evil intelligences. Once launched, the lies assumed a life and determination of their own: they devoured fact, truth, objectivity, and common sense.

REVEREND, I have watched a full auditorium of black collegians, a group of young people surely possessed of more than the usual measure of skepticism, nod in eager and willing assent as a white professor informed them of "the *real* reason why the gas company is digging holes in the streets all over town." Chorused the students, "Gonna bury us niggers, right?" He winked. Up went the clenched fists.

I have also seen a large roomful of college faculty sit by, nodding just as stupidly, while a petition was being framed to prohibit the campus security guards from carrying guns. One racially mixed faculty's letter of petition, directed to a college president, I remember almost verbatim:

> It is a source of much grievance to our student body that on this campus alone, of all the city campuses, the guards are armed. Ours being the only black campus in this city, the racist motivation of the administration here is plain.

Virtually all the teachers in that room had at some time or other visited one or more of the other colleges in the city. Perhaps half of them had held appointments on one or another of those campuses. They had for years *seen* guns worn routinely everywhere by campus security guards. But they nodded docilely before the effusions of the white professor, a self-appointed spokesman for black liberation.

At this point, Jesse, you are surely wondering why I have told *you* about all of these things. I shall explain that more fully in a minute. Meantime, you might legitimately complain that I am dwelling only on the bad and hopeless aspects of the black educational scene. Were there no good times, no really great and memorable students?

There were, though the great and positive experiences have been few, as I have said, for a number of years now. And you must remember that I am in the process of getting out of black education, of "taking my treasures home," and must necessarily concentrate on my reasons for doing so.

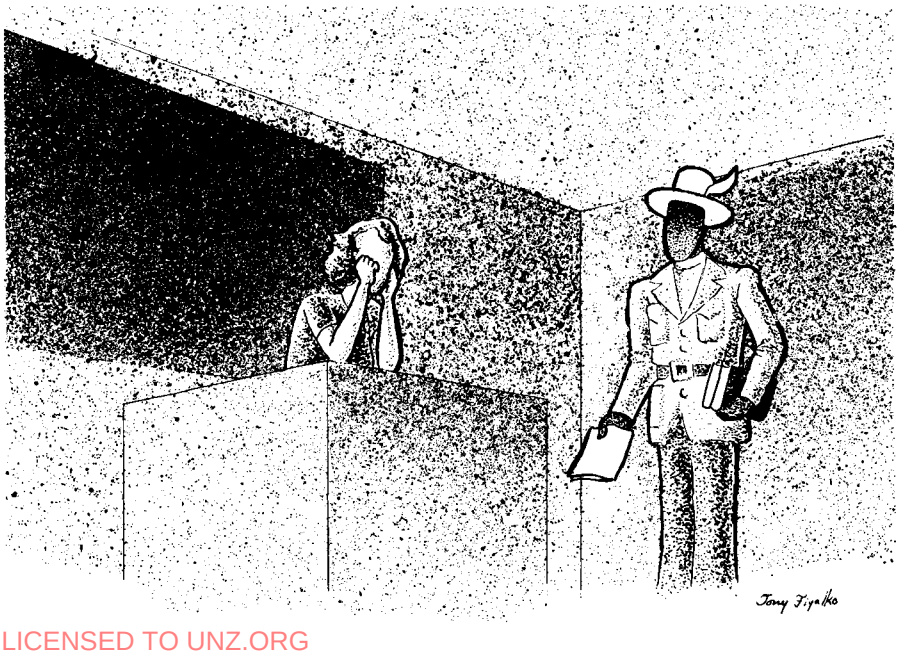
But other memories do tug on me as I write these lines. There were the high school kids, some of them wearing the big-brimmed hats with the tall feathers, who used to sneak around to hand in their assignments to me after school, so that their cooler friends would never know they did them. There were the three young veterans who took turns walking me to my car in the campus parking lot during the semester that the terror was at its worst. There were ghetto girls who warned me against driving down certain ghetto streets, street boys who beat up other boys in order to reclaim my stolen property.

Certain faces linger. I see one entire high school class staring, astonished, when some especially vile group action of theirs had caused me to burst into tears. I see big, bosomy Hannah Mae, a college freshman at 62, scowling and wheezing through her second and third rewritings of her pitiful themes. I see Harold the Hopeless, the discard of half a dozen high schools, who promised with tears to stay off reefers until after my 9:30 composition class—*and did*. I see nervous, bookwormy little Roosevelt, who kept trying to convince me that the kids who regularly tore down my bulletin boards weren't all bad kids. "They just always *act* bad."

ALL THESE memories, too, I am leaving behind, Jesse—or trying to. Because I am convinced that, in the present climate, nothing that I am or have or stand for is going to get passed on to these students. When black young people and any element of white authority mix, the atmosphere between the races becomes paranoid.

To black young people, whose hearts and minds have been hardened and darkened by sundry contaminations in recent years, traditional or "authoritarian" teachers like myself are dealers in poisoned meat. Their looks, their resistance, their cutting remarks tell me daily that what I dish out to blacks has got to be bad. For am I not an oldish, yellow-haired, blue-eyed white lady, undoubtedly rich and spoiled, who is all hung up on spelling and definitions and politeness and religion?—a "white racist oppressor" if there ever was one.

To such black young people, the only white teachers acceptable any more are those who are permissive, indulgent, and "progressive" enough to view the "freeing-up" of black youth (and all



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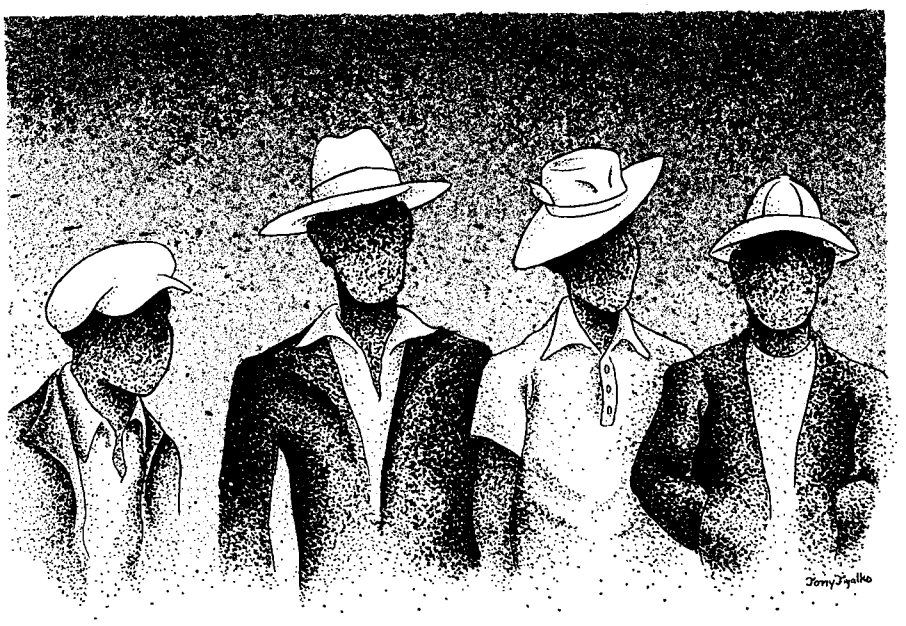

youth) as a holy cause. These teachers are little concerned about subject matter, especially of the traditional variety. Drill, memorization, and systematic absorption of information are abominations to them. They view the classroom as a place where they and their students, whom they consider their equals, exchange "strokes" in the psychologically vital game of behavior modification.

Such teachers, most of wnom were graduate students during the Sixties and subscribe to a naturalistic and deterministic view of life and man, continue the work begun earlier by the professional subversives. Slowly but surely they wean our young people away from the values of their parents and fill them with their own negativism and cynicism. Need I tell you? These teachers, some of them not much older than my own children, depress me only slightly less than their ruined students do.

To my black students, my good power is an affront and a threat. To an increasing number of my teaching colleagues, it is something I am to be pitied for, an eccentricity, in the same class with wearing out-of-style clothes or saving bits of string.

But it is not so with you. You plainly have the good power, Jesse. But unlike me, you have the black power too. In you there becomes possible a sweeping revitalization of the only thing that can still save the children of our ghettos—*black good power.*

Black good power, as you certainly know, is already a very real thing. In fact, the deepest tragedy of black education in the United States may be that so little of the black good power was in the universities to which the first waves of black young people came. Had it been there, it might have offered significant resistance to the hatemongers' program for those youngsters.

For black good power, product of the black churches, is one of the strongest and purest moral forces I know. Black good power might even be strong enough to unseat in black youngsters their disastrous conviction that to be bad is to be good. Because black good power sees bad as bad and good as good, for the simple reason that the Lord Jesus of the Bible said so. As an elderly black woman I know once put it, "Ain't no nigger but knows right from wrong, lessen he's had the roots worked on him or the evil eye."

Black young people of the United States must indeed have had roots worked on them, but black good power has long been a match for evil spirits, has it not?

I personally felt the spell of black good power when I heard Dr. Martin Luther King deliver an early version of his Dream speech at a Midwestern university. I have been amazed by the gutsy toughness of the black good power of several dedicated high school administrators I have known. I saw black good power in the middle-aged woman who rose up to confront bodily a grown man who had burst into a college classroom with the intent of harassing the female professor. The power was armed only with two knitting needles, a broken wedge of a pocket mirror, and a menacing growl, but it overcame.

Black young people have an uncanny natural susceptibility to black good power. Even when defying it, cussing it out, scrawling obscenities all over it, they are in awe of it. Black good power is probably the only force left in the world that is strong enough to make black children respect authority, both black and white. Black good power has preternatural powers of endurance. It will be there, salvaging the wrecked bulletin boards, making do, long after I have gone.

Why, black good power, even when it emanates from books, works magic. I have been astonished time and time again at the effect upon black teenagers of my reading aloud to them from Claude Brown's magnificent volume on Harlem, *Manchild in the Promised Land.* In one "opportunity school," whose entire student body was made up of near-incorrigibles thrown out of all the other schools—young pushers, thieves, vandals, psychos, addicts, pimps, and prostitutes—I have looked up from my reading to find those who were not stoned or sleeping listening with rapt attention. Their faces were unguarded, their lips were parted. In their eyes was an expression halfway between fear and ecstasy.

In the curiously reverent silence that always descended when I opened that battered paperback—it was stolen, fought over, and returned so many times I lost count—I silently blessed Claude Brown of Harlem, and the marvel that is black good power.

That is your power, Jesse Jackson. You can yet use it, I think, to turn a whole generation around. God willing, there is still time for that. Already the commentators are saying that the mantle of Dr. King has descended on you. I am glad, for I have rather expected that something like this would one day come to pass. When it comes to recognizing good power, my instincts are especially sure.

As for me, I shall go my way, continuing to fear for you, frightened that you may be doomed, but just as certain that out of that doom will come your glory. For good power, mine as well as yours, is immortality's child, heir to all the promises. □

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FLOSSENBURG

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

AUSCHWITZ, Dachau, Bergen-Belsen, Treblinka . . . Flossenburg. In most countries its infamy would live forever, as Andersonville's has in the United States. But Germany ranks high in the all-time mass extermination sweepstakes, and Flossenburg is little noted. Four million people perished in the Nazi death camps, three million of them Jews, while Flossenburg accounted for a mere 70,000 lives, less than 2 per cent of the total, and most of them were non-Jews such as political prisoners, prisoners-of-war, and other undesirable ethnic types. Shirer gives the camps eight pages of his monumental work. Flossenburg is not mentioned therein, but gets part of one sentence a hundred pages farther on, and then only because two of the 4,980 persons executed for their alleged part in the July 20, 1944 plot to kill Hitler met their end there: Admiral Canaris and General Oster were dragged naked from their cells and hanged on the camp grounds less than a month before the German collapse. And even they were spared the agony of many of the other accused plotters who were also hanged —but with piano wire strung from meat hooks affixed to a dungeon wall.

So Flossenburg is a jerkwater on the genocide circuit, a footnote in the tour guide to hell. DACHAU, boldly proclaims the blue and white autobahn sign just northwest of the Munich city limits, "ten kilometers." But you probably won't find Flossenburg unless you're looking for it.

From Nuremberg you drive east on the E12 autobahn until it ends near Amberg, a prudent 33 miles from the Czech frontier. Then it's north and east on various two-lane federal highways, through the crystal center of Weiden, and into the fantasy-land beauty of the *Oberpfälzer Wald*. The city, and the camp on its outskirts, are less than three miles from the Iron Curtain.

The sign that welcomes you to this pleasant, prosperous looking little town of perhaps 5,000 souls also informs you that you are entering a *Ferienort*, a vacation spot. As we drive up the main street of the town we see a large yellow and black sign that points the way to "KZ"—*Konzentrationszentrum*. The old debate about whether or not the local populace knew of the horrors perpetrated in the nearby camps would never get off the ground here: the perimeter of the camp begins about a kilometer from the city hall.

There is ample free parking and a booklet, in German, relating the history of the camp, which opened in May 1938 and continued to operate until the last days of April 1945. It was not, primarily, an extermination center, but a working camp. Prisoners labored in nearby granite quarries and died mainly of hunger, disease, and neglect. Political prisoners and those too weak to carry on were usually dispatched by casual shooting, occasionally by hanging. There were never more than 3,000 persons confined here at any one time, meaning that the camp had a 100 per cent population turnover 23 times in seven years.

The most striking structure on the grounds of the former camp is an ex-

Captain Rehyansky is a lawyer and has written for Juris Doctor *and* NR.

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quisite stone chapel, built from materials left over when the guard towers were torn down in 1946. The homelands of the various victims have contributed stained-glass windows depicting scenes of suffering with patriotic messages. Small plaques on the walls memorialize the dead of 18 nations, including Germany. It is good to think of the Eucharist being celebrated here, the Host distributed in a house of God built from the rubble of hell.

Once outside the chapel, you descend a circular stone staircase that leads to a rectangular courtyard. It is a scene of impersonal beauty. A high mound of human ashes, twenty feet square, has been planted with grass and surrounded by decorative stones. The walkways leading up to the chapel and down to the crematorium are of natural wood and rough-hewn granite, and flowers are everywhere. It is an appearance that exclusive American country clubs strive for and fail to achieve: rustic, but refined. Lining the courtyard are identical plaques bearing the flags of the nations whose citizens died here, with neatly carved numerals: Russia, with 26,430 souls, sustained the greatest losses. We try, in vain, to imagine the separate sufferings of 26,430 Russians, 17,546 Poles, nine Englishmen, and "two unknown American pilots" who were shot down near Flossenburg and misdirected to this inferno. We cannot, among the flowers, the fragrant trees, the clear air, call forth these ghosts with emaciated, unwashed bodies and filthy clothing. Their teeth, their bones, their hollow rinds of shoes are neatly displayed in glass urns in the chapel and in the crematorium—dusty, disinfected by time. The German guidebook mentions dysentery, smallpox, typhus, the nouns capitalized and crackling with consonants; nothing suggests the reality of blood, suppuration, the moist misery of infection in bodies too weakened to resist disease.

Beyond the pyramid is a wall of rough stone, about four feet high and ten feet long, with an inscription in three languages: "Prisoners were shot in mass here." I have been a target, have clawed the vibrating earth while rockets detonated around me, have believed firmly in the imminence of my own death. But these experiences are no help in dealing with a few square feet of dirt and bricks used for casual, wholesale slaughter. This area, too, with its well-tended grass, is surrounded by stones symmetrically placed: here, in the familiarity of apparent order, the living are made to feel comfortable with these unquiet dead.

A few dozen steps from the wall is the crematorium, a grey stone building some thirty feet square. *Desinfektion* is printed in blood-red letters over the door, but its chilling effect is blunted by the plastic No Smoking sign immediately below it, in four languages. Inside, the oven itself is disarming. It looks much like the furnace that heated the two-family house I grew up in. Only its long, narrow interior and the stretcher hanging near the door indicate its grisly purpose. The oven and the walls are hung with flowers and memorial plaques, many from individual families whose close relatives were traced here, their intimate inscriptions plaintive in the solitude of this cold little building: "To René: We will never forget you. We will always love you." "To our father, Paul, whose memory will live in our hearts forever." In the back of the room hangs a memorial to Admiral Canaris, erected in 1965 by his comrades in the Abwehr. A sign near the exit translates, "Please turn off the lights."

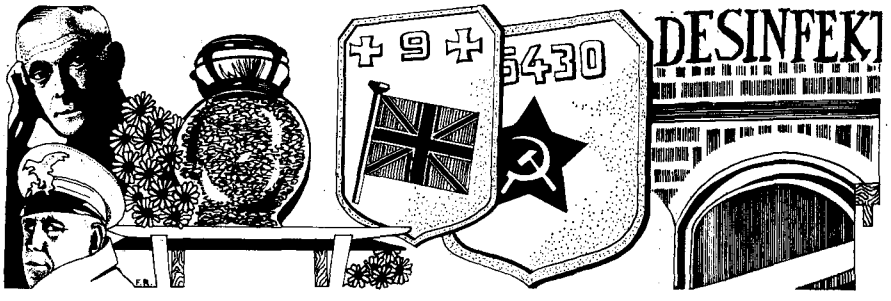
A German walks in with his wife and two sons, about eight and ten years old. They are an attractive family, neatly dressed. The father sizes us up quickly, my jeans and London Fog raincoat immediately giving us away as Americans. Few Americans understand German, so they proceed as if we weren't there. He examines the glass urns, filled with bone fragments, ashes, charred teeth, and comments to his wife, "Not very careful about emptying the ash trays, are they?"

They laugh together. He picks up the younger boy, holds him under one arm, head pointed toward the open door of the oven. "You'd make quite a loaf of bread, wouldn't you?" he asks.

"*Nein, nein*!" yells the boy, laughing. His father puts him down and they all leave. Still facing the plastic flowers from René's parents and the engraved marble tablet placed there by the children of Paul, we feel a protective anger.

WALKING OUT into the bright open-air cathedral that is today *Konzentrationszentrum Flossenburg*, it occurs to us that the local bureaucrat in charge of expiation might have done better to have left the entire place precisely the way it was when the war ended, instead of turning it into a scrupulously maintained public park. Not even the barracks have survived. One was left standing, but it has been stripped, cleaned out, and hung with informational posters. Two jail cells have been reconstructed for the benefit of the tourists; they are well-lit and each has a bed and a potted philodendron.

We walk toward the camp gate, through the unpretentious mass graves on either side of the path. Five thousand lie here under a hundred or so representative headstones. An occasional marker bears a name and a date, usually indicating that the victim died at the very end of April 1945. Some of them even managed to outlive Hitler, but could not escape his madness. As



the Allies advanced, the pace of the murders quickened, in an unsuccessful attempt to conceal what had been here.

The lives and sufferings of men are bounded by time, and thirty years have passed over Flossenburg. Germany is once again a member of the community of free nations, proof that descent into unimaginable depravity need not be irrevocable. And that fact offers hope for the future to millions of oppressed victims from Mecklenburg and Slovenia to Uelen and Con Son. In reflecting on the past, the French, as usual, say it best. The monument in the courtyard to their 4,771 dead reads:

The sufferings of these martyrs are ended. They have vanquished their executioners. Above life, there is honor. □

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AFRICAN IMPRESSIONS

Another View of Kissinger's Africa

An American visits Africa and learns about the Vadoma, Chibuku beer, the patrons of the Monomatapa Bar—and the Africans who don't want the United States to forget about Africa

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

LAGOS, NIGERIA—Flying into Lagos one sees a great fleet of ships. Surely nothing like this has been assembled since D-Day 1944. The ships, tankers and freighters, stretch to the horizon. Any attempt to count them is futile. But before we land the count gets well beyond two hundred.

On the ground in Lagos, our Pan Am plane is immediately searched by a Nigerian soldier with his AK-47 slung over his shoulder. After the search, I ask where the great armada of ships came from and where it is going.

The actual number of ships now sitting in the Bight of Benin is close to 300. At times the number has reached 500. Most of the commercial ships have been waiting to get into Lagos since the middle of 1975. The crews have become accustomed to the humid tropical atmosphere of the area. They have also become accustomed to the pirates trying to loot the cargo of the waiting ships. The crews occasionally visit the fleshpots of Lagos but mostly they spend their time at sentry duty and chess or checkers.

Part of the trouble is that the port of Lagos can handle only about 7,500 tons of cargo a day, and the incoming ships each day equal or exceed that. So the idle armada continues to grow. Some of the blame belongs to the government of General Yakubu Gowon, deposed in July 1975. It ordered enough cement to pave over half of Nigeria. Gowon's successor, Brigadier Muritala Muhammad, didn't cancel the orders. Nor has his successor, who came in a few months ago after Muhammad was assassinated. As a result, the armada grows, the cement spoils in the equatorial sun, the pirates raid, the sentries snipe, the crews visit town and play checkers.

Salisbury, Rhodesia—The representatives of the world press are gathered in the Monomatapa Bar to preside over the liquidation of Rhodesia. Their faces and costumes are similar to those seen a few years back in Saigon's Caravelle bar. They sit quaffing gin and tonic, exchanging stories, damning the system. The newsmen wear all the accoutrements of battle—web equipment, dirty khakis, even grenade pouches—but retain a lounge pallor.

Most of them turn down invitations from the Rhodesian Ministry of Information to tour action areas. They prefer making news in Monomatapa's more hospitable atmosphere. When they do get out into the sun, they camp in front of the Prime Minister's office a few blocks away or run up to the farm of the odd white Rhodesian who is ready to leave.

Some journalists do not fit into such a pattern. There was the correspondent from the London *Daily Mirror*. The *Mirror* had published the story of a deserter from the Rhodesian forces, McCarthy by name, who said that he and his fellow soldiers had engaged in numerous My Lai-type atrocities. The *Mirror* told their man in Salisbury to look into the matter. He did. The army commander, General Patrick Walls, proved to the newsman that McCarthy's unit was not in the area described at the time alleged. A dispatch was sent off to London. Not good enough, said the *Mirror*; get yourself out to the area and find evidence of the atrocities. Off to the area he went with camera and recorder. Several interviews. No evidence of a massacre or other atrocities. The correspondent reported all this to London, but the *Mirror* printed nothing, letting its original story stand.

Abidjan, Ivory Coast—God made Abidjan one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Unfortunately, He also made it hot and humid. But man has supplemented God's work. The Hotel d'Ivoire complex is a marvel of comfort. Not far from it, a consortium of European and African investors is completing a development called the African Riviera. It looks like the French Riviera—only more grandiose, more luxurious, and with more people on the beaches. President Felix Houphouët-Boigny manages the government thoughtfully and progressively.

Mr. Jacobs, recently retired from the U.S. Army, is director of the American African Affairs Association.

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Nevertheless, the French are not as welcome in the Ivory Coast as they once were. The detente that had been developing between South Africa and the black countries suffered a setback because of Angola. Observers now believe this detente will end and the Ivory Coast will look to Dar es Salaam—not Paris or Pretoria—for its future.

To the casual visitor, these predictions seem groundless. Abidjan's prosperity stands in sharp contrast to the squalor of most of the rest of West Africa. The competence and efficiency of the Ivory Coast is a welcome change from the indecision and bureaucracy found on its borders. In the food shops of Abidjan one finds canned goods from South Africa and a product called *boeuf à Zambezi*, which, as everyone seems to know but won't admit, is imported from Rhodesia.

With luck, the Ivory Coast may become a bridge not only between Africa and Europe but also between black Africa and southern Africa.

Kanyemba, Rhodesia—After tea and brandy and probably more questions than he really cared to answer about majority rule and one-man-one-vote, your European host tells you about the Vadoma people of Rhodesia. Numbering about 400, they live on the lower Zambezi near the Mozambique border. They are extremely shy, avoiding all contact with outsiders.

What distinguishes the Vadoma, aside from their extreme shyness, is a physical abnormality. Many of them have only two toes on each foot, and the toes are splayed out in a condition known as syndactylism or "lobster feet." This abnormality makes it easy for them to climb trees—they appear to run up them rather than to climb them. The Vadoma have Stone Age features: wedge-shaped faces; heavy, broad cheekbones; and very large eyes. Their homes are caves, crevices, and ant bear holes. Their food consists of grain, honey, mushrooms, and fish.

The Vadoma once tried to reach the moon by building a huge tower of rocks, but the tower collapsed and they never made it, allowing America's Neil Armstrong to make the first giant step for mankind.

Dakar, Senegal—West Africans are not nearly as emotional about the "race war" with southern Africa as are most American politicians and journalists. In Dakar, I heard it said that the South Africans are by now really Africans. They have nowhere to go. Unlike the Portuguese, they can't get in their planes and fly home.

At the same time, Senegalese often refer to southern Africans (including Rhodesians) as the enemy. As the term is used in Dakar, it doesn't imply the use of force or violence. Dakar would probably like to see the matter settled peacefully but its spokesmen insist that the problems of southern Africa are internal and should be settled by those who live there. As the world knows, many in those areas have chosen the path of the arsonist and the terrorist. The Senegalese deplore this choice and do not, like some Westerners, try to paint guerrilla actions as glorious or even justified.

The confusion over American policy at the time of Angola has been compounded by Secretary Kissinger's Lusaka pronouncement during his recent trip.

Pretoria, South Africa—It is difficult to get anyone to talk about the South African action in Angola. Some think the Angolan operation should not be discussed because it was a failure. They believe that the Pretoria forces were pushed out of Angola by the supermen that Castro sent.

That view is incorrect. South African troops were not defeated in the field and definitely not by the 12,000 Cuban soldiers. Another story is closer to the truth. The South African troops went in to protect the Cunene dam—the water source for arid South West Africa—and then gave guidance and support to the combined forces of FNLA and Unita. The forces in Angola did not include infantry; their largest artillery piece was the ancient 25-pounder, and they used air power sparingly. The troops were mostly recruits still in training. Nonetheless, in engagements in which South African forces met Cubans, the Cubans were routed. There is even a report of the destruction of a T-34 with a 25-pounder. Pretoria withdrew its forces under pressure from Western countries. There was no military defeat, however much South Africa's enemies might like to claim there was.

Dakar, Senegal—If it is true that the United States did not support South Africa in its Angolan intervention, it is probably also true that it did not support other African countries—such as Senegal—that opposed the MPLA. Before the MPLA won in Angola, the Organization of African Unity had considered the matter of recognizing the MPLA as the successor regime to Portugal. The vote was 22 to 22, a defeat for the MPLA supporters, who had expected much more. To some extent, America engineered that defeat by urging its African friends not to recognize the MPLA.

WHEN THE tide turned in Angola, most African states extended recognition, but some of America's friends held out. By late March, there were only four black African states that had not recognized the MPLA—Kenya, Zambia, the Ivory Coast, and Senegal. When the Ivory Coast indicated its intention to do so, Senegal found itself more and more isolated. And the U.S. did nothing to support Senegal's position.

There was no discernible resentment toward the U.S. for its lack of support. In fact, the Senegalese are pushing for lively and imaginative U.S. participation in Africa. They want the United States to serve as a counterweight to the Soviet Union so that small African states, such as Senegal, can remain independent.

Chiwese, Rhodesia—In an attempt to combat terrorist penetration, Rhodesian authorities have established a series of "protected villages" in the northeast area of the country. At the same time,

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they have required relocation into the villages. In one area there was an old man who was so crippled that he had to be pulled about in a cart drawn by a faithful donkey.

When the removal to the protected village was undertaken, the old man begged the Rhodesian soldiers to let him bring his donkey. They did so, placing the donkey in a sling underneath a helicopter. It is said that the reunion of the old man and the donkey was most touching.

Inkomo, Rhodesia—If a race war is coming to southern Africa, it is coming to Rhodesia in a strange garb.

At this camp near Salisbury, a scout troop or two are in training. The Selous Scouts are honing their tracking skills. A visitor to the Selous Scouts area is met at the club by a mixture of whites and blacks, males and females. The atmosphere is relaxed and easy. At the bar a black matches a white to see who will pay for the next round. Throwing darts in the rear are a servicewoman and a muscular serviceman. After several rounds the visitor hears shouts. They turn out to be an invitation to what is called the other-ranks mess.

The other-ranks mess is in a typical African building, round with a thatched roof. Much larger than the usual bushland cabin, its floor has a diameter of about fifty feet. Around the inside wall, a long bench of seats is filled with troopers. In the middle of the room there are a few tables and chairs and, of course, the bar.

Two DRINKS are available, Chibuku beer or Lion beer. Lion beer is a typical European brew. Chibuku is made from local maize and is served in a plastic container that must hold about two liters of the liquid. At the mess, Chibuku costs about 10 cents and Lion about 50 cents. The troops are drinking both types: some whites are drinking Chibuku; some blacks, Lion.

The visitor is immediately offered a gallon or so of Chibuku. The sergeant major, by tradition, shares a drink with every guest every time the guest is served. The taste isn't bad. A bit tart for American palates; and the sediment does not make it look all that appetizing. Still, not bad. In fact, after a few liters, it's very tasty.

The troopers are singing regimental songs—not in English, in Shona, the local African language. They are songs about how the regiment destroys terrorists. The rich African voices are joined by European tenors, and altos and even a few contraltos from the servicewomen present. It is a serenade by all ranks. The young Sandhurst-trained captain is just as loud as the black private standing next to him. The black sergeant major has his guest locked in one huge arm while the other skillfully juggles a container of Chibuku.

The sun has been down for many hours. The boastful, spirited singing goes on. All in all, an odd way to prepare for a race war.

(Continues on page 697)

Adult Community—2000 A.D.

Hi, man. I'm Pierpont Poore next door. I'm rich
but I don't show it like grinning Greta Hellebore
the suicidal poet.

That fellow with the facial twitch? Oh, he's a defrocked
priest who's living with a perfect bitch.
They brew health drinks from yeast.

Dear Annie Laurie Candlewick sews all those funky quilts;
and Jerry and Jemima Frick
turn hop poles into stilts.

Poor little Maharani Ri! (She's really Agnes Perkins.)
Her nephew makes her cook up ghee
for fattening his turkhens.

That camper down beside the brook? Bestseller
Norman Turd's. He's working on his latest book—
it's all four-letter words.

Jim Hoyt and Ann stew kelp shampoos for our long-haired
menages; and Jim collects old-time *Who's Whos*
to paste into ten-foot collages.

The commune folk make earthenware but only in short
spurts. When they can buy some fellow's hair,
they fabricate hair shirts.

The guy with the Byronic looks? That's Obadiah More.
He doesn't write poetic books,
he runs our health food store,

sells fertile chicken embryos, Laetrile with Vita-E,
organic grass and hash—God knows
we want no stock MD.

But *you* are welcome as can be. I'll be among the first
to sign up for your specialty—
vasectomies reversed.

—CRARY ELWOOD

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The Rebel and Public Order

GERHART NIEMEYER

ULRIKE Meinhof has hanged herself in her jail cell. Few Americans knew her name before last month, but she was a leader of the notorious Baader-Meinhof gang in West Germany. Four years ago the gang made a number of terrorist attacks, killing at least five persons; it also helped other groups coordinate similar deeds. The Baader-Meinhof people have been on trial for nearly a year under maximum security conditions.

What was going on in Ulrike Meinhof's mind? There were few harder-boiled ideologists than this 41-year-old woman, and ideology, displacing the real world, serves its adepts as a source of direction, justification, and energy. Why did she give up the fight? She left no suicide note to inform us. One looks, however, to Dostoevsky's masterpiece, *Crime and Punishment*, for a possible explanation.

The impoverished student Raskolnikov, filled with ideas of emancipation, mixes self-pity with flaming indignation at other people's unworthiness. He finally persuades himself that killing an old woman, a repulsive pawnbroker, would be not a crime but the meting out of justice. In committing the deed, he also has to kill the woman's younger half-sister who happens to stumble onto the scene. He is arrested, and the book goes on to describe the protracted duel between the public prosecutor representing society and Raskolnikov opposing his private order to that of the state. In the end Raskolnikov gives in. He repents and accepts his sentence.

If society shows more stamina than the solitary "superman," is this a simple triumph of right over wrong? Dostoevsky does not depict Russia in terms of public virtue and private goodness. Men and women of very mixed human qualities coexist in the state. Some are crueler than Raskolnikov—for instance, the man who, in white rage at his horse's disobedience, beats the animal to death with a crowbar. Moreover, the old pawnbroker herself is shown as a loathsome human being. The avenging state, then, can claim no perfection of conduct or justice. It does represent public order. The fight is between Raskolnikov's private "creation" of "justice" and that public order. In the end Raskolnikov submits to society.

Ulrike Meinhof also brings to mind two American revolutionaries who recently submitted to this country's public order: Eldridge Cleaver and Timothy Leary. Cleaver, having spent many years in Algeria, the Soviet Union, Communist China, and other ideocratic regimes, elected to return to his native country, even though criminal charges and jail awaited him here. When he came back, he said that there was more freedom in the United States than in other countries. While still in jail, Timothy Leary denounced his former co-revolutionaries and, like Cleaver, exalted the order of the United States.

Surely, Cleaver and Leary could have found more freedom—i.e., no prison—in Sweden. They have not hailed the United States as a nation where absolute goodness, freedom, equality, and justice prevail. In other words, like Raskolnikov, they really submitted to their country's public order, their act of acknowledgment transforming them from revolutionaries into citizens. Did Ulrike Meinhof end her own life in a similar spirit of acceptance, her conversion differing from that of Raskolnikov or Cleaver or Leary only in that she had no capacity for repentance and thus was deprived of hope?

What is this society that always outlasts the solitary revolutionary? We tend to lose sight of it since it always fails to measure up against a phantasmal utopia. An unreal yardstick is invidiously used to measure a unit of ongoing human life: the yardstick of Marx's classless "realm of freedom"; the anarchists' stateless community; "democracy," which American liberals have arrogantly elevated to a similar unreal image of perfection, clawing away at their own allegiance for fear that it might be given to something less than "the ideal."

"The ideal" is not a goodness known in human experience but merely a piece of a dream world. Cicero once defined a people as an assemblage of men associated by a common acknowledgment of "true justice," to which Augustine rightly replied that by such a definition there "never was a Roman republic." He in turn defined a people as men united by their common agreement "as to the object of their love." Since there are different loves for different objects, one would, by this definition, need a weekly poll to ascertain whether "the people" still existed.

No explanation of this kind has penetrated the mystery that surrounds the existence of groups of people actually sustaining together a structure of public authority, power, and law. William Faulkner, in *Requiem for a Nun*, has captured this mystery in the following stage directions: "It is a corner or section of the office of the Governor of the Commonwealth . . . on the wall behind and above the chair is the emblem, official badge, of the State, sovereignty. . . . The Governor . . . is symbolic too: no known person, neither old nor young; he might be someone's idea not of God but of Gabriel perhaps, the Gabriel not before the Crucifixion but after it. . . ."

THE MAJESTY of public authority certainly has to do with justice, but it comes from neither perfect goodness nor perfect equality. In Plato's *Republic*, a book on *the* good state, we find this exchange: ". . . this commonwealth we have been founding is in the realm of discourse; for I think it nowhere exists on earth. —No, I replied, but perhaps there is a pattern set up in the heavens for one who desires to see it." Societies on earth are assemblages of imperfect men, aspiring to justice but often jeopardizing their aspirations by their own failings. Still, as Augustine says, even a miserable existence is better than no existence. An imperfect public order is better than no public order. Man needs both the order of his own soul and the order of the commonwealth. The former cannot replace the latter, and the latter should never exist at the expense of the former. In the long fight against the solitary revolutionary, society wins not because it is good, but because it alone can speak with public authority. Hence it is not: "My country, because . . ." but "Right or wrong—my country." □

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The Best of Men

IN THE PARK of his enchanted palace of Balcarres, near the end of last year, there died David Robert Alexander Lindsay, 28th Earl of Crawford, 11th Earl of Balcarres, Baron Wigan, Baronet of Haigh, Knight of the Thistle. He was Premier Earl on the Union Roll and, among his many other distinctions, a clan chief—though he never wore kilts. His like will not be seen again.

Our words "aristocracy" and "aristocrat" signify "leadership by the best." The Earl of Crawford was the best of Scots in this century. More than anyone else I ever encountered, David Crawford was suffused by what Edmund Burke called "the unbought grace of life." For nine centuries, the great family of which he was the head for 35 years, "the light Lindsays" ("light" means debonair), had been soldiers and statesmen and poets.

Lord Crawford, despite his grand station and his remarkable personal talents, was a marvel of courtesy and generosity. He seemed to know everything worth knowing. (His classical Greek, for instance, was better than that of most professors of Greek.) He was the best speaker in the House of Lords—the best since Lord Rosebery, the Sheriff of Fife told me. In his prime, when first I met him, he was the handsomest man in Scotland. In his younger days he had sat in the House of Commons and had held various junior ministerial and diplomatic posts, but his major achievement was in the realm of the arts.

He knew more about paintings and books than did the most exalted art critics and librarians. He was chairman of the National Trust, of the Royal Fine Art Commission, of the National Art-Collections Fund, of the National Library of Scotland; rector of St. Andrews University; a most active trustee of the Pilgrim Trust, the National Gallery, the British Museum, and several other important institutions and associations. In effect, Lord Crawford was the guardian of culture in Britain.

Though endlessly busy at his responsibilities, writing thousands of inimitable letters, speaking everywhere—still, at his ancient country house of Balcarres he seemed to find infinite time for his guests. One might meet anyone in that rambling tall mansion of black stone, crammed with rare books and with marvelous works of art. In my book *Eliot and His Age* may be found a vignette of Lord Crawford at home (though I preserved the peer's anonymity in that chapter); Eliot told me once that Lord Crawford was the finest example of his class, as "class" is described in *Notes toward the Definition of Culture.*

For 27 years Lord and Lady Crawford were kind to me; I spent whole summers at Balcarres, the Countess and I pruning the yews round the roofless Gothic chapel in the policies, the Earl and I talking of everything in heaven and earth, while time seemed to stand still at Balcarres. They lived frugally amidst artistic splendors. Mary Crawford, a Cavendish, with charming simplicity of manners, usually did her own pleasant cooking. Cleaning women came by the day, but most years no servant slept under those roofs.

IT HAD BEEN otherwise at Haigh House, in Lancashire, in David Crawford's father's time. Once Lord Crawford showed me a big photograph of the heads of departments of servants at Haigh—serried ranks of them. Taxation and the general decline of the old style of life had compelled the 28th Earl to give up the tremendous pile of Haigh House and withdraw to Balcarres. At Haigh, his ancestors had created the finest private library in the world, founded upon an elaborate plan for the order and integration of all knowledge. (The Lindsay Library was private only in the sense that it was privately collected: scholars always were welcome to spend days or weeks or months among those books and manuscripts.) Most of the noble library had to be lent or sold upon the retreat to Balcarres.

Once, at dinner there, I ventured to remark that it must be melancholy to speculate on the prospect of continuity at Balcarres—a continuity of high culture that the Lindsays had maintained century upon century. "There is no expectation of continuity here," said Lord Crawford, with a faint smile, "or almost none." Though a witty and humorous man, he never could escape from the oppression of living in a bent world. All about him a civilization was disintegrating; he knew that like the Celts of the Twilight, he went forth to battle, but not to victory.

FOR Britain's twentieth century politicians of all stripes, the Earl of Crawford felt contempt: to their society he preferred the company of the enormous Newfoundland and boxer dogs that roamed the galleries and libraries of Balcarres. He was no more sparing of charlatans in arts and letters. Almost at the gates of Balcarres, Britain was being reduced to ugliness in his time, despite all that he could do. An austerely lovely seventeenth century laird's house, a few miles distant, was pulled down to make way for a commercial holiday camp on the cliffs; much else was wrecked by the public authorities and by a voracious commercialism, within sight of Balcarres Craig. "The future will be so uninteresting," Lord Crawford said to me.

In manners, in taste, in integrity, in talents, the Earl of Crawford and some others of his class were the flowering of many generations of growth. Now that class is being extirpated by an envious egalitarianism. And as that class and its culture disappear, the greatness of Britain runs down the drain.

What he might do to redeem the time, the Earl of Crawford did. To everyone who met him, there seemed to pass, by a kind of osmosis, some touch of David Crawford's high rectitude and kindness: his magic was more powerful than that of his ancestor the alchemist earl, whose book of formulas he showed me once. His ashes are buried by the wall of that Gothic chapel, in the perpetual shade of those yew trees. But such natures, working upon the community of souls, are made for immortality. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

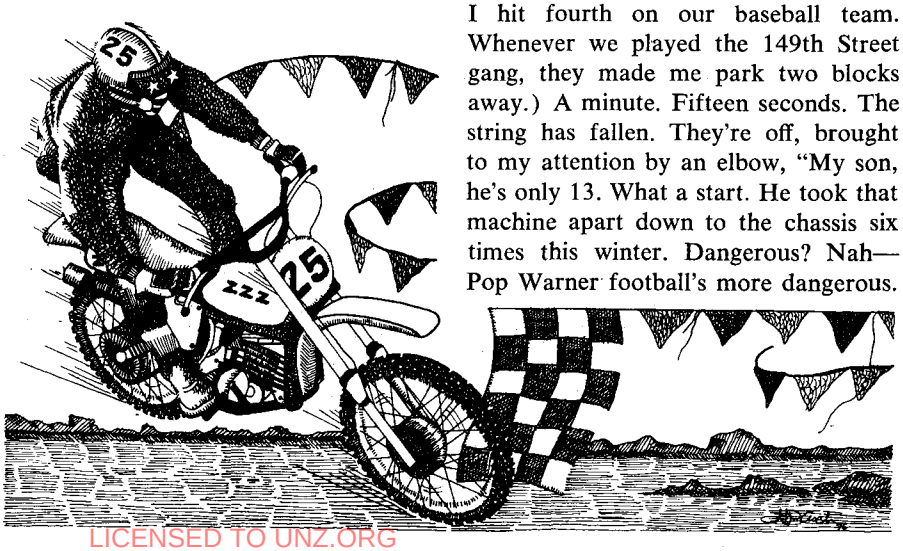
D. KEITH MANO

Motocross

Aaargh-*aarghh-aaarggGGH*. Up. UP. UP. And all at once I place this sound. I heard it thirty years ago in bed: just such a roaring comes with childhood fever. It was background noise for objects that got big, bigger, never biggest —my toy box, my bureau, the side of my mother's face. Insistent and climbing and unfulfilled. A motorcycle engine, there is something biorhythmic in it. Ears must once have listened so to the heart, the lungs, and been afraid. Surprised by revving blood. Here, at the motocross track in Cairo (K-ro), New York, another system has imposed its strong metabolism. The chest is in empathy; before long I breathe as engines breathe. And, afterward, my brain will feel punch-drunk, bruised. With silence the body tips forward, as if a wall were gone that it had braced against. Self-conscious then, you can pick up the head's natural surface noise. A sound of meadow insects, of ear chambers held up like sea shells. And even that seems big, bigger; fevered, too.

They don't ride. They rough-house, arm-wrestle, haul their bikes along. Legs kick off, kick off; appear to run alongside. Twenty at the start, they whiplash over hard washboarding, then down and through an Indian-file crevasse. Pennants, borrowed perhaps from some gas station grand opening, tick off each windwake. Below, in the clear stream, a wrecked car wades; given this context it could seem lovely, something grown. Fishtail and sidewind, carom and career and careen, up the long hill, then, slice, across a water trap. Engines come out steamy as exhales in the cold. Through another slough. Over the big ramp, popping wheelies, unicycling, for one moment free. Twenty men, fifteen, ten; down to single digits now. Some lie ungainly, comic, in the listless mud. Others have been taken out by metal: a shaft, a valve, bent or swollen or simply gone. Even thigh to thigh they are alone. They move in a deep privacy, the man and the machine.

Filth, its eyebrow pencil, has made them up. They crunch talking, as if they'd eaten steamer clams. Tongue and eyelet: I see the perfect cast, in mud, of someone's boot. Throw grass seed on them, they'd come up lawns. Mouthpiece, kidney belt, elbow and knee pads, shoulder pads. It could be a gathering of fetishists; they wear heavy, svelte, leather pants. And the smell; I carry the smell with me yet. It stitches itself into cloth: a dank of old kerosene stoves. The infield is backyards. Barbecue pit. Baby stroller. Lawn chairs. Dogs. Tents. Mothers with their feet propped up against phlebitis. Girls. Their breasts, T-shirted, unarmored, seem more soft beside these husked and husky men. Pit tootsies: look at them, this is where waitresses live before they grow up into waitresses. Clean hand and caked-over hand, a couple has walked into the concealing trees. There must be, I think, powerful vibrations still in his groin.



Jamie Rickenbacker is 18 years old and beat. In a field of twenty he has just finished sixth. The glance seems to overlook me; perhaps I'm in some slower dimension. His machine is a mess; staff cars at Passchendaele wouldn't have sucked up more mud. Jamie pours water into grit-shot eyes. This is a subtle action and his biceps, used to wrestler's strain, overcompensate. Things aren't as easy for him this year: Jamie's in the expert amateur class now. "Last year I was surprised how many people I could scare, just by running them at a tree. But these are experts; they don't back off." He has another race in two hours. Then five hours home from Cairo. One to clean up; four to shuck mud off the bike. The bike costs $700, not counting fuel and parts and entry fee. Macho leather pants alone will run you sixty bucks per leg. A tough nut to crack in summer and after-school jobs. But there is compensation; a kind of fitness for events. You race the field, yes; but you also race terrain and the fickle machine. Jamie is an opportunist driver: cagey, sure, conservative. He lets others burn themselves out. Once, I'm told, he threw a chain, stopped, made extensive repairs, and still finished high. Imperturbable: this isn't someone, you think, who'll be taking valium when he's twenty-five.

FOR MOTOCROSS Jamie's middle-aged. Now, at the starting line, 12- to 16-year-olds rev up and rev up. You think that's young: six to eights raced before lunch. (Six to eight . . . I used—it's God's truth—I used a tricycle until I was 14. A very big tricycle, mind you, but it was the shame of 20th Road. They had to put up with me, though: I hit fourth on our baseball team. Whenever we played the 149th Street gang, they made me park two blocks away.) A minute. Fifteen seconds. The string has fallen. They're off, brought to my attention by an elbow, "My son, he's only 13. What a start. He took that machine apart down to the chassis six times this winter. Dangerous? Nah—Pop Warner football's more dangerous.

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They don't go that fast." Hold on: there's a father back at Go. It won't catch; the son weeps and kicks down, weeps and kicks down. Father has groveled: a fuel line is given mouth to mouth. Nothing. Despair laps them, but it has been shared. American families, more than you'd think, are made tight with a lug wrench. Over carburetor and distributor the learned inheritance of one generation, our peculiar metal language, has been passed on.

A toxic grey-blue cloud goes up: visible from here to OPEC. Someday, I'm told, we won't have fuel enough for internal combustion. A less extravagant lifestyle, they say: no cars. But it'll mean more than that. An institution as important as marriage will have been picked from the nation's fabric. And we'll be quite another kind of people. □

THEATER

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

Royal and Fair

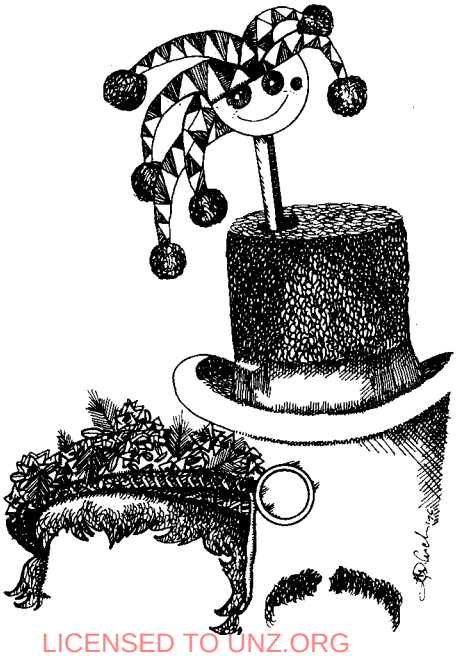
It seems that just last season a play had to come from England to have any chance of success in New York. This year that *sine qua non*, provenance, has picked up and moved to another locale: the Past. Any past will doo as long as the play ain't noo. From the past perfect of *Henry V* to the past imperfect of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* we've been trekking and déjà-viewing.

Two of the resuscitations that promise to create a life of their own this time round are what on the surface would seem a quite faulty farce of the late Twenties and a foolproof musical of the mid-Fifties. The former, Kaufman and Ferber's *The Royal Family*, comes through royally, while the latter, Lerner and Loewe's *My Fair Lady*, does only fairly.

I think the reason *The Royal Family* is such marvelous entertainment and *My Fair Lady* something of a dimensionless ritual lies in the way each was approached by its recreators. I doubt if Ellis Rabb, the director of the old comedy, had any preconceived notion of what it had to look and sound like; he was therefore able to come to *The Royal Family* fresh and let his gorgeous powers of invention loose on the material. The new *My Fair Lady*, in contrast, attempts a literal reminting of the twenty-year-old moneymaker, and I would wager that even those who are seeing it for the first time can sense how impossible it must have been to kindle spontaneity once such parameters were decided on.

But more of the happy news first. *The Royal Family* sets us down amid a hugely diverting theatrical tribe named Cavendish—somewhat, one supposes, like the Barrymores. The matriarch, Fanny, rules the household with a deft combination of velvet and iron that makes her irresistible. A daughter, already a veteran of the boards, and a granddaughter, just starting out with all the Cavendish potential at her command, are both suffering from romance-versus-career crises. Fanny's son—dashing, devilish, disaster-prone Tony—spends most of his life running from Gotham to Hollywood to Europe and back, wrecking female hearts and producers' nerves. A ne'er-do-well brother and his ill-fitting wife hover naggingly in the wings, while an agent with a loyal heart of 10 per cent gold and various servants and retainers—all equipped with a tart turn of phrase—help the Cavendish clan deal with the world of lesser mortals.

The ingredients are bright, nicely detailed, and winning. With so many characters, Kaufman and Ferber still manage a delicious exposition and, up to a point, a neat tapestry of laughter. Some of it does start to unravel along about the beginning of Act Three, and the downbeat ending is, to put it gently, a mistake. The faults are all the more maddening because they are so obviously correctable and the rest is so sharp. One wants nothing so much as to conjure up the playwrights' spirits and send them to New Haven for an all-night rewrite.



Rabb has wisely proceeded as if the play were purest Molière. For this alone he deserves the Tony he received. But he also has a priceless gift for casting. He himself plays Tony with reckless panache; Rosemary Harris, as the daughter, is temperament incarnate, and terribly funny; and Eva Le Gallienne bows Fanny's wonderful melange of wit and grit as if it were a collector's Amati. Rabb furthermore has somehow persuaded Sam Levene to abandon his usual harried Catskill comedian *shtick* so that he too fits beautifully into the picture; I also found Joseph Maher, as the hopeless brother, and Mary Louise Wilson, as his quirky wife, hilarious. Thanks to Oliver Smith's scenery and Ann Roth's costumes, the externals of the package make it arrive exactly on target and as quickly as possible.

PERHAPS I risk ungallantry in reviewing *My Fair Lady* at all, for I caught it the night Christine Andreas, the Eliza, couldn't go on because just before curtain, her dressing-room ceiling caved in; in addition, the Colonel Pickering of the *ur*-production, Robert Coote, was missing. So very possibly these changes may have undermined normal high spirits. Yet the evening rolled on smoothly enough. And that, I suspect, would be precisely its trouble any time.

This *My Fair Lady* is the very essence of pre-digestion. Footlight microphones ensure that voices reach you, but they arrive flat and dead. Follow spots mercilessly spread-eagle the main characters even in supposedly intimate moments, creating a feeling of turns from the Ice Capades rather than of scenes from a play with music. I must also file a minority report concerning Ian Richardson's Henry Higgins. Although he sings far better than his shadow-casting ancestor in the role, there is something disturbingly automatic about his manner. He seems to suffer from an affliction common among some very gifted English actors: an enormous technique that outdistances involvement. Mr. Richardson, reportedly magnificent in classical drama, here does his job with application but no charm. His long monologue songs—"A

Harvey E. Phillips *is an opera stage director. . . .* **S. L. Varnado** *is an English professor at the University of South Alabama.*

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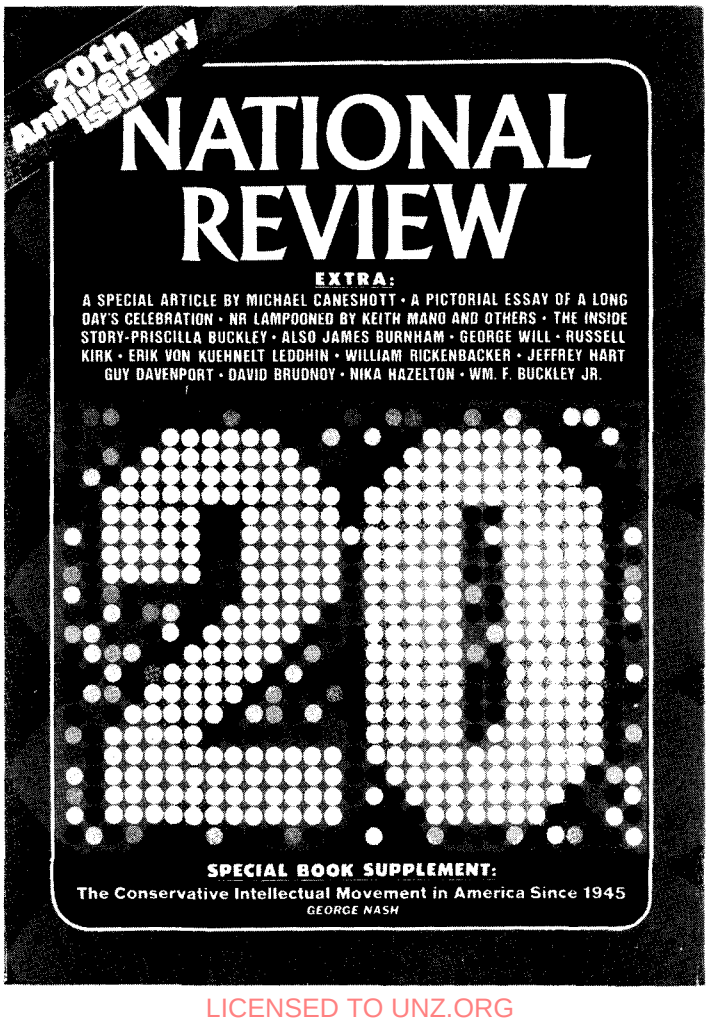
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Hymn to Him" and "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face"—set up few vibrations between performer and audience.

Only the scenes with George Rose as Eliza's dustman father come off with some of the old rip intact. Rose himself radiates wanton energy. Of course, he *is* involved in the two best dance numbers of the show, "With a Little Bit of Luck" and "Get Me to the Church on Time." The "Ascot Gavotte," with Cecil Beaton's campy finery still blazing forth in glorious black-and-white, also manages to survive, but its stylized movements on this occasion are not worked out with sufficient precision to give the sequence its full effect. But director Jerry Adler has wisely turned Freddy ("On the Street Where You Live") Eynsford-Hill, in the person of Jerry Lanning, into a wryly ridiculous *jeune premier* instead of leaving him the snoozy bore he originally was.

If you haven't yet seen *My Fair Lady* often enough to know its every reprise, the reincarnation at the St. James should fill you in on what you may have missed. Then perhaps it might be a good idea for everyone to give it a nice cup of tea and a long restorative rest. □

SUCCESS

S. L. VARNADO

Intimidation Odes

We Americans are success-worshipers. Our folklore, from Ben Franklin to Horatio Alger, abounds with tales of poor but honest youths, born into humble circumstances, who achieve eminence by means of probity, determination, and an occasional federal subsidy. Success, we are told, can come to a man in spite of race, color, or creed—and sometimes because of them.

Such dreams of success have produced among us a peculiar kind of literature: the how-to-succeed book. There have been a vast number of these through the years, but the classic in the field is Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, an engaging if slightly meretricious text that urges tact, flattery, and sheer groveling as a means of getting along with people and then getting the best of them.

The how-to-succeed book is still popular today, but like most modern things it has been recycled. It now appears on the book shelves as the how-to-assert-yourself book, of which there may be as many as a dozen on the market. Of these, however, the most widely read are Michael Korda's *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It*; Manuel Smith's *When I Say No, I Feel Guilty*; and Robert Ringer's *Winning through Intimidation*. The message of these books is simple, succinct, and brutal: you can achieve success only by firmly asserting yourself, even if this entails a certain amount of kicking, swearing, and jumping up and down on top of people. What we get here is the dark underside of Dale Carnegie—a veritable *Dr. Carnegie and Mr. Hyde*.

The assertiveness formula appeals to a generation that flatters itself that it looks at life without illusion. Our age prefers Muhammad Ali to Joe Louis; Elton John to Bing Crosby; and *Fear of Flying* to *Little Women*. Sins openly admitted go down with the public like ice cream, and one imagines that much of the outrage against Nixon arose because he tried to produce a Restoration comedy against a mid-Victorian backdrop. Ours is the age of the unconcealed eructation.

But of course not everybody feels this way. Some of us old-timers (the over-thirty crowd) find this sort of bumptious honesty about as appealing as watching open-heart surgery. We prefer the tittering reticences of the old school to the unclad hysteria of the new. Raw, rampant egoism, we feel, is better kept hidden, like the underside of a rock. This new assertiveness literature is a case in point. Here, for instance, is Michael Korda describing one of his ideal "power people," a certain puissant monstrosity called simply "Jack" (he is based on a real individual, Korda assures us): ". . . imagine a tall, lean man, radiating strength and power, endowed by nature with a thrusting, powerful nose . . . hooded, bright blue eyes, fierce eyebrows, and prominent cheekbones. Jack knows by instinct how to assume the 'power position.' . . . In conferences, Jack sits with his back to the window so that others have to look into the glare of the sun to see him. . . . Like all good power players, he never sweats and has absolute control over his bladder; no matter how long the meeting or luncheon, he will not be the first to leave the table for the bathroom. . . ."

Let those who wish to imagine Jack do so. For my part, I would avoid him; and if I had to sit in front of him at a conference, I would bring along a mirror and focus the rays of the sun right back into his "hooded, bright blue eyes." As for his "absolute" bladder control, it will probably net him an early case of uremia, which will serve him right.

Less truculent than this, perhaps, but just as annoying in its own way is Manuel J. Smith's *When I Say No, I Feel Guilty*, a book apparently written to help expedite the efforts of the meek to inherit the earth. The book seems to promise a way out for the guilt-ridden "little man" that James Thurber so often depicted, and I purchased it with high hopes, since I have a bit of this temperament myself (I even felt guilty when I paid the clerk). But I was disappointed. The book turned out to be a series of fictional—indeed fantastic—dialogues that teach the various assertiveness techniques. They involve much verbal fencing, and none of the situations seemed to fit my needs. Dialogue #20, for instance, shows you how to "cope with a manipulative movie producer." Of course, these dialogues invariably turn out well for the "little man"—which is consoling. I especially liked #14, in which "Jack gets a refund of $1,800 from a used-car dealer," a feat that rivals the sword in the stone scene from the Arthurian legends.

These books do possess a degree of unintentional humor and maintain a certain level of fresh and spontaneous drivel. But after a few sessions with them, I was happy to return to the restful and pleasant platitudes of good old smiling Dale Carnegie. It was like sinking into a tub of warm water after a tough day at the slaughterhouse. Leaf through the yellowing pages of Dale's book and you will come upon such nostalgic formulas as *Six Ways to Make People Like You* ("Smile," "Be a Good Listener") or *Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking* ("Begin in a friendly way," "Let the other man feel that the idea is his," "Appeal to nobler motives").

This, after all, is simpler and less taxing. I suppose assertiveness is all right for The Man Who Would Be King, but in a democracy it takes too darn much work, energy, and bladder control. □

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BOOKS

Woodstein's Fun-House

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

The Final Days
By Bob Woodward
and Carl Bernstein
Simon & Schuster, 476 pp., $10.95

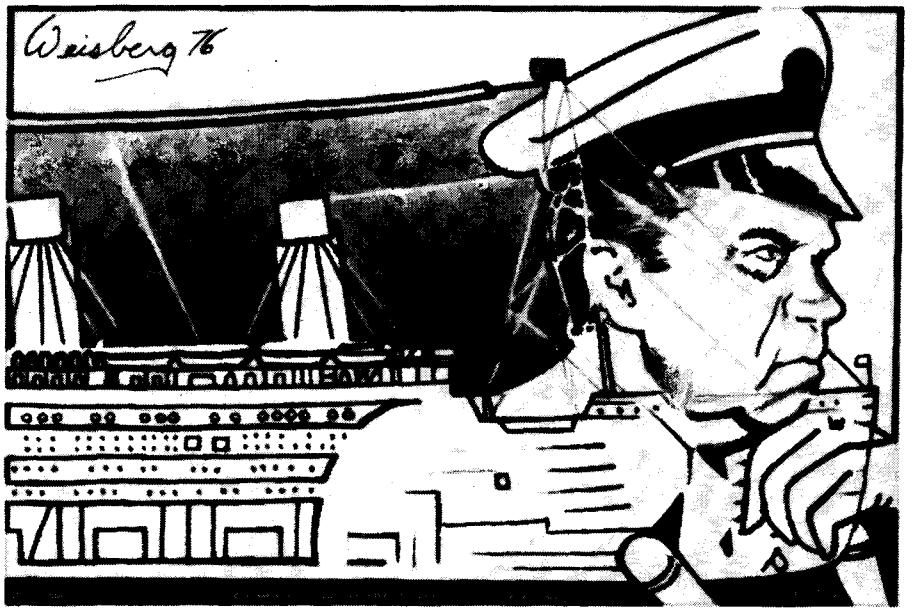
"I didn't come in at a happy time," General Alexander Haig, White House Chief of Staff, told Mike Wallace on July 28, 1974. ". . . There were those that told me, 'Don't do it! If you want the helm of the *Titanic*, have at it!' "

An apt metaphor, never mind that it's a worn one. The *Titanic* was, physically speaking, bigger than the White House; but she was no more than the White House a world of itself, a small city of back-alleys and broad avenues, of sculleries and salons, of noble and ignoble, served and servitor, aristocrat and peasant—the whole encased by a hermetic shell, a sizable rupture of which was fatal. Her submergence was about as enormous an event in 1912 as was the submergence of the White House in 1974, though she lacked that mansion's potential for refloatability; and she went down for very nearly the same cause, criminal negligence: the main difference being that Captain Smith did not, having hit the berg, bring his ship about and rub her up against it several times more. But no matter: Haig's metaphor had occurred to me even before he scooped me with it on page 296. From that first vague shudder along her keel—to which Messrs. Woodward and Bernstein do not reach back—to the final plunge of her fantail beneath a mushroom of foam, the foundering 37th Presidency makes quite a story. The woodwork creaks, smokestacks tear loose, and fine crystal smashes in the dining salons in the most satisfying manner. At the last, much as Lord Duff Gordon remarked to his wife, "There is your beautiful nightdress gone," President Johnson's Successor casually observes to his family: "It has been fun having the use of the yacht."

Woodward and Bernstein are pretty good story tellers; but of course the story is not of their own confection, save for those sordid instances in which they reveal their powerful talents for what one suspects to be either fictional history or historical fiction—anyhow, gilded history of the sort that Irving Stone writes. And the story is of itself so powerful—and so very overwhelming of two young reporters on a metropolitan daily—that only a professor of something could have botched its telling.

One very soon comprehends also that what lends intimations of grandeur to the tale of the culmination of this mammoth political crisis is an aspect of that crisis to which I doubt W&B were themselves sensitive—namely, the quite praiseworthy conduct during the summer of '74 of the generally somewhat disreputable delegates to the Citty Uponne a Swamppe, and the equally respectable behavior of the President's men at the White House. By the fall of 1973, you will recall, the principal sinners among the Palace Guard—Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, etc.—had been banished from the seat of power, to be replaced by vastly more honorable men. Thus it is—whether in accordance with the conscious intentions of W&B I don't know, but guess not—that the principal impression with which *The Final Days* left me was of the essential dignity with which the honorary pallbearers of a defunct Presidency performed their final offices.

I AM assuming—and I think it preeminently fair to do so—that W&B were looking for the worst as they contemplated their *dramatis personae*. Had they been able to paint a picture of a Black Last Supper, with succubi and incubi selling and reselling their souls to the Big Enchilada, then that is what they would have given the fans. But that is not what is written down. What we have instead is a group of men increasingly suppurating with doubt and



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RANDOM NOTES

■ JULY TITLES: Donald Lambro has written a book called *The Conscience of a Young Conservative* (Arlington House, $6.95). The title comes from Goldwater; the politics, one hopes, from Reagan. . . . In *Creativity: The Magic Synthesis* (Basic Books, $15.95), Silvano Arietti graduates the creative process from the ranks of neuroses. . . . The American Library Association and other bookworms come in for a little seltzer-bottle funning in *The Happy Booker* (McGraw-Hill, $6.95) by Richard Armour. . . . Patrick McCarthy has written a good book about a great novelist with naughty political ideas: *Céline* (Viking, $10). . . . Louis Kronenberger's *Oscar Wilde* (Little, Brown, $8.95) is a good, brief critical biography in the Library of World Biography series. . . . Another volume in the series is Richard W. Davis' *Disraeli* (Little, Brown, $8.95), about the man who got there before Pat Moynihan. . . . David E. Lilienthal is no Harold Nicolson when it comes to keeping a diary, but *The Journals, Vol. VI: Creativity and Conflict 1964-1967* (Harper, $20) is worth dipping into. . . . Concord, Mass., like Camelot, D.C., had its darker side, as revealed in *Plots and Counterplots: More Unknown Thrillers* (Morrow, $8.95) by Louisa May Alcott. . . . Something good out of Chile for Chile-haters: Pablo Neruda's *Memoirs* (Farrar, $10) translated by Hardie St. Martin. . . . Gwen Robyns tells the story of Grace Kelly from the ankles up in *Princess Grace* (McKay, $8.95). . . . Ada Louise Huxtable republishes five years of architectural criticism in her book *Kicked a Building Lately?* (Quadrangle, $10).

■ LISTING SLIGHTLY TO PORT: William Worthy is handsomely propped up fore and aft by Kenneth B. Clarke (Foreword) and Nat Hentoff (Afterword) for his discussion, in *The Rape of Our Neighborhoods* (Morrow, $8.95), of a classic liberal confrontation: an expanding hospital wants to level a tenement. . . . Susan Sheehan, abetted by Michael Harrington, who wrote her an introduction, offers you *A Welfare Mother* (Houghton, $6.95), "Mrs. Santana," who lies, cheats, has nine children and several lovers. "Poverty is winning the social war," opines Mr. Harrington. . . . *The Deadly Innocents: Portraits of Children Who Kill* (Basic Books, $8.95) is by Muriel Gardiner, MD. *Publisher's Weekly* says: "Most of the young murderers she describes have suffered so horribly at adult hands that their retaliatory crimes seem almost justifiable homicides." . . . John Zachary DeLorean, once a $650,000-a-year executive, has written *On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors* (Playboy Press, $10), a "confessions-of-a-capitalist" book. Remember! The People's Bicentennial Commission offers $25,000 for info leading to the conviction of a corporate exec who pollutes.

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yet, *per* corollary, increasingly suffused by the understanding that whatever the Old Man might have done, he was deserving of the benefit of the doubt—yet more, of a defense. There is no evidence of backroom plotting, of conspiracies against free government and free men: the shaky defense that the staff were constructing and amid whose high steel they tottered was to be one that should require of the loyalists that they pawn their souls neither to the Son of St. Hannah nor to a court of law. General Haig and Fred Buzhardt, lawyer for the Peking-Roader, appear to have been especially cognizant of the slightness of the beams they were treading, and to have been concerned for their own integrity on more than Randian principles.

Thus, as the deadline approached for the submission of the White House tapes to the House Judiciary Committee in April of '74, and as King Timahoe's Owner was deleting and rewriting great hunks of script, like a playwright preparing to transfer his show from Baltimore to New York, Buzhardt told Haig, "This is where I draw the line," and stomped into the Oval Office. (On this and other occasions Buzhardt stood up bravely to the Office of the President, but in the present case he got nowhere: the tapes were not his tapes, and he was fearful of stirring up Pat Brown's '62 Opponent to the point where he would tell the Committee to go f--- itself.) Leonard Garment, for a time Counsel to the President, is certainly a man of unquestioned integrity, whose reputation Watergate left quite untarnished; but even as he resigned in December of '73 he recalled—according to W&B and apropos the tapes—how in the Oval Office "Someone would say, 'Let's bomb Tel Aviv.' Now that's not policy, but the tape would sound bad. While you're kicking around policy decisions, things come up. So the President told Dean, 'Good job, John.' The President said it, but he always says, 'Good job.'" According to the flies on the wall, Garment regarded his resignation as an "act of both conscience and cowardice": certainly he did not leave the White House contemptuous of those staff men who chose to remain in their bunker.

However, upon the release of the "smoking gun" tape of June 23, 1972, there was not a single staff man of whom I can think—with the notable exception of Ron Ziegler—who made shift to exonerate its star performer. Pat Buchanan beat his fist on the table, and shouted "Jesus Christ!": "He's gotta quit," he said. When somebody complained that he had unwittingly compromised himself during his days at the White House, Haig replied sharply, "What about me?" and added: "He's guilty as hell." (He was incensed by phone calls from Haldeman—"That criminal has asked for a pardon.") In the wake of the tape's release, the President's men caucused long and hard for the purpose of lighting upon some dialectical method calculated to lead the Oval Office to the decision to resign, the idea being that it elect, of its own free will, to go the back-out route.

Haig and his people at the White House were also generally conscientious in their dealings with the Hill: though their defense of Whittier's Politico Laureate required that they frequently stall and drag their feet when information or other forms of cooperation were required of them, they were clearly not out to screw their political opponents, as John Dean would have phrased it. In fact, most of them were miserably conscious of the ambivalence of the position into which their varied and often conflicting roles had forced them. When James D. St. Clair, defender of the Prince of Peace, reneged in desperation on Haig's promise to Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski by challenging his standing to subpoena the tapes and Jaworski called Haig to tell him, "There's nothing I can do other than report it [to the Senate Judiciary Committee]," Haig said simply: "I understand."

And in numerous instances the other Washington Machiavellis appear to have comported themselves with re-

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Aram Bakshian Jr. *is a lecturer for the Shore Line Company.* . . . **Robert W. Merry** *is a staff writer for the* National Observer. . . . **Adam Meyerson** *is Managing Editor of* The Alternative. . . . **Chilton Williamson Jr.** *is going to take a breather from book reviewing.*

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sponsible sobriety, to have threaded their way carefully between their loyalties to institutions and to symbols, their moral commitment to truthfulness and to their colleagues, and their constitutional duty to their offices and to their constituents. Common sense and a healthy cynicism—as well as a few dimly recalled press clippings—whisper, of course, that there was, is, and always will be a darker side of the moon. But the bright side is real enough and, for some reason or other, this is the side that W&B have, in the main, presented. Can it be possible that utopianism runs so deep at the *Washington Post* that two of its most accomplished and worldly political reporters think that this *is* the dark side?

WELL, where then is controversy: where vileness, where dirt, where treachery and drunkenness and madness? Where, in fact, the frightful luridness you read in those joyously awaited installments of *The Final Days* in *Newsweek*? Did somebody slip a W&B jacket onto Julie Nixon's diary and deposit it on my reading table?

Not at all. I read the same material you read. But I also read more—the rest of it, in fact, which happens to be the bulk of the book. You can't, after all, have 476 pages of Presidents chewing the carpet and Presidents babbling; of mentally AWOL presidential sons-in-law; of scoffing, backbiting Teutonic professors; and of tippling First Ladies —who, nevertheless, abstain from other forms of mortal indulgence. But you've got to have *some* of this glory, especially since the rest of the book describes such straight, unhorrifying, and even reassuring activities. And what better way to present such stuff than to take a leaf from the *National Enquirer*, which is to say, to train the candid cameras upon the often commonplace personal lapses of celebrities and in other ways to bring to bear titillating applications of fun-house electrical currents upon squealing audiences?

Thus we get the Squire of San Clemente sending a pen to Buzhardt with a note reading, "Here's the damn pen I signed Jerry Ford's nomination with," and describing Archibald Cox as "that f---ing Harvard professor"; Henry Kissinger referring to "our meatball President"; Rose Mary Woods telling Kissinger, "For once, Henry, behave like a man"; the Commander-in-Chief's military aide joking about one of his duties being to brief Pat Nixon's Husband on how to kiss her. If you've ever held down a job in any place less solitary than an Alaskan homestead, you will find such remarks among colleagues and intimates shocking only to the degree that the jolt delights you. Leonard Garment has reflected that the publication of the White House tapes was an invasion of the public's privacy, that it denied the public the right not to know. The very least that can be said of the most notorious of the boudoir scenes in *The Final Days* is that they were lobbed deliberately into the midst of a public too vulgarly indecent to cherish that right.

For three years we have been bathed in lamentations about the so-called "ordeal of Watergate," that "national trauma" through the wringer of which the Washington politicians laundered "the peepul." No presentation of this powerful political crisis could be further from the mark. If the immense success of Woodward and Bernstein—both with this book and with its predecessor—proves anything, it proves that the people who really suffered the torments of the damned during Watergate were the politicians themselves. Not only did they suffer—sometimes deservedly but more often, I began to believe, not—professional humiliation and the erosion of their constituencies, but the bewildering conflict of ingrained loyalties to which they were subjected caused them sincere mental anguish. As for the supposedly traduced and betrayed American people, what is to be said of their experience of Watergate other than that they reveled in it? Watergate meant a crowded procession of leapfrogging headlines to savor in the evenings on the subway; it meant soapy TV spectaculars; it meant gaudy and morally inflating bulletins conveying the newborn truth that the great also sin, as well as the even more satisfying knowledge that one's betters were being done to political death in a particularly bloody way. "Trauma of Watergate," indeed! If the national commentators suffered to see Liberty so cruelly raped and dismembered, then why do they keep that profanation so constantly before their eyes; why do they insist upon constant reruns of this political version of *Snuff*? If the citizenry was so dreadfully traumatized by Watergate, why does it keep returning for resuscitative shock treatments?

THE ANSWER, of course, is that for the vast majority of the country, Watergate was simply a splendid circus. And for our heroic press, keepers of our national birthright, it was the biggest chance of the century to make the kind of bucks that most politicos have to risk a jail sentence to grab off—a chance that Messrs. Woodward and Bernstein were quicker than anybody else to jump at, and one that Bebe Rebozo himself, under somewhat altered circumstances, wouldn't have passed up. □

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Adlai Stevenson of Illinois
By John Bartlow Martin
Doubleday, 828 pp., $15

ONE VIRTUOUS MAN

ADAM MEYERSON

When Adlai Stevenson was 12 years old, he accidentally shot a girl and killed her. The incident must have made a great impression on him, for, although he later endeared himself to so many by talking openly of his mistakes and limitations, he never once brought it up. Yet it is a mark of John Bartlow Martin's good sense as a biographer that he does not dwell upon the sad event. In this age of facile psychobiography, another writer would have speculated interminably about its impact on Stevenson's inmost thoughts. Martin offers some brief speculations, both his own and Stevenson's confidants', and then—how refreshing!—he passes on.

NOT THAT Martin tries to cover up his subject's blemishes. Quite the contrary: he was a speechwriter for Stevenson in his presidential campaigns, and became a close friend, but as a biographer he never lets his admiration intrude on his scrupulous concern for accuracy. If Stevenson made a political gaffe, or rudely left a letter unanswered, Martin is sure to report the lapse. Indeed, he takes pains to deplume some of the myths that feather Stevenson's reputation. For example, although Stevenson had genuine misgivings about seeking the governorship of Illinois and the Presidency, Martin shows that his celebrated public reticence was also a shrewd political ploy, and that Stevenson had made private overtures for possible candidacies. Similarly, Martin shows the limits to Stevenson's intellectuality: a literary craftsman in his speeches, and deeply interested in foreign affairs, Stevenson was also a lonely man, and usually preferred socializing to serious reading.

Stevenson would not, for example, have read such a book as Martin's. Prodigiously researched by one of America's best political reporters, based on years of work in the Stevenson archives and meticulous interviews with Stevenson's friends and family, *Adlai Stevenson of Illinois* is surely the definitive account of Stevenson's life through the 1952 election (Martin's sequel, covering Stevenson's subsequent campaigns and his UN ambassadorship, will appear next spring). For most readers the work is probably *too* definitive: Martin's lengthy narrative will tire all but the most ardent Stevenson enthusiasts. It will therefore tire most conservatives, and yet I commend it to their attention.

I do so because, whatever one may have thought of Stevenson at the time —and conservatives tended to think little of him—in retrospect he looks much better, and may even become a source of inspiration. Stevenson never quite appreciated the virtues of the market place, he exaggerated the potential virtues of "good government," and in the early 1950s he probably underestimated the threat of domestic subversion. For these and other failings, conservatives criticized him, sometimes bitterly. And yet, both as governor and as presidential candidate, Stevenson stood strongly for fiscal integrity and for states' rights; as Martin shows, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, and other speechwriters for Stevenson were often dismayed to learn of their candidate's opinions. Moreover, as a cold war liberal, Stevenson was vigorously anti-Communist and advocated a strong defense budget. The conservative coalition of isolationists and liberationists attacked him for his espousal of containment, but today, when Stevenson's political descendants preach international retreat, his foreign policy views seem much closer to those of conservatives.

There is another sense in which Stevenson can serve not only as a source of inspiration but also as a figure for serious study. He may have sought to expand the scope of government too much, but he also believed strongly in republican virtue and good citizenship, and he clearly intended government to represent "all the citizens." Both his liberal predecessors and his liberal successors consciously built coalitions of power by buying the votes of a variety of interest groups. Not Stevenson. As presidential candidate, he told the American Legion they were "citizens first, veterans second," and he lectured labor groups on the need to moderate their demands. Can such a man get elected? Insofar as many of our political and economic troubles result from the practice of vote-buying, it is a crucial question. And *Adlai Stevenson of Illinois* is invaluable in helping to answer it, for Martin is a superb analyst of the intricacies of politics—the workings of the Chicago machine, the role of advance men, the importance of labor for Democratic campaigns. How was it that in 1948 Stevenson, a fairly unknown "good government" candidate, could gain the support of the Cook County machine and win the governorship of Illinois by a landslide? What factors, other than Eisenhower's enormous popularity, contributed to his overwhelming defeat in 1952? The answers should interest more than just Stevenson enthusiasts.

FINALLY, there are Stevenson's speeches, the best of which he wrote himself. Martin suggests that Stevenson would have fared better in 1952 if he had spent more time politicking and less time polishing his phrases. Most likely so, but by devoting such care to his words, Stevenson elevated electoral politics and lent dignity to democracy. "We dare not just look back to great yesterdays," Stevenson announced to the 1952 Democratic Convention. "We must look forward to great tomorrows." Empty rhetoric, yes; false utopianism, yes; but there was also beauty in his cadences, and a vision of American greatness. Today, when his ideological heirs all vilify our yesterdays and vitiate our tomorrows, it is inspiring to read the story of a man who loved his country—its soil, its people, and its ideals. □

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A Prince of Our Disorder:
The Life of T. E. Lawrence
By John E. Mack
Little, Brown, 561 pp., $15

GARBO OF ARABIA

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

I owe Lawrence of Arabia one great-uncle. Uncle Mihran was a young engineer officer in the Ottoman Army during World War I, serving in the Arabian theater. If Lawrence had not interceded, the captured detachment he was part of would have been massacred by Faisal's Arabs. As it was, Uncle Mihran survived to become a successful architect in America. By the time of his death last year, he had created some of the most attractive buildings in Washington, including two classic hotels, the Carlton and the Hay Adams. One could argue that those two dignified old structures remain the only tangible pieces of the Lawrence heritage to survive in recognizable form. His own dreams perished in his lifetime and the oil-sodden, intrigue-ridden Arab world of today is a sad and tawdry distortion of Lawrence's idealized Arabian vision.

Nor has the memory of the man himself fared very well. Even allowing for the debunking temper of our times, Lawrence is a thoroughly tarnished figure. His Garboesque quest for privacy (always in ways that guaranteed more publicity) made him something of a figure of fun in his last years, and the recent revelation that he got his post-war jollies by paying young servicemen to flog him lends a distinctly masochistic tint to his martyr role.

Nevertheless, since I am in no position to pay him back in kind for Uncle Mihran, and since the scope of his achievement in triggering and briefly directing a nationalist uprising is undeniable, I find it hard to dismiss Lawrence as just another odd imperial sod cast in the General Gordon mold.

The real problem with Lawrence is not that his character had its seamy side—whose doesn't? The difficulties are that his rabid partisans, aided by his own literary blend of false modesty and romance-spinning, created a highly perishable hero figure that was bound to collapse under close scrutiny, and that the dream Lawrence magnificently but futilely pursued was basically hollow. He sought to base a new Arab awakening on qualities of character and race that no longer existed. The noble Bedouins were already a nearly extinct species in 1914, their chieftains petty thieves and murderers, and their "nationalism" an essentially negative force aimed against their corrupt Turkish overlords. The vital Arabia of Saladin, and of the later conquerors who brought Islam to large chunks of Europe, was dead. The inventiveness, the daring, and the simple esprit were all gone. What remained was the cur's hatred of the master who had been cuffing and kicking him for a number of years, and a blind religious fanaticism.

And so the great uprising occurred and Lawrence instructed and then led marauding parties of Arabs in dynamite missions and small post raids. Most of us, pleased with the outcome of the First World War, can be glad that a neurotic archaeologist was able to take the initiative and encourage—"enable," in Dr. Mack's phraseology—the Arabs. But, the closer the venture is examined, the less noble it appears.

By his own admission, Lawrence was motivated primarily by his affection for a camel driver named Dahoum, a handsome young Arab who came to represent, in Lawrence's eyes, the nascent promise of the new Arabia that never came to be. Like that new Arabia, Dahoum died before the end of World War I. Blow by blow, Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert" was a sordid terrorist campaign, its only justification being the nearly equal bestiality of the other side. Dirty, brutal Arabs isolated and killed small detachments of slightly less dirty, brutal Turks. But, as Lawrence well recognized at the time, it was all part of the overall war effort.

As such, it succeeded admirably. By diverting large numbers of Turkish regulars, Lawrence's Arab guerrillas gave Allenby's British troops a numerical and moral advantage they would not otherwise have enjoyed. The Middle East was freed from the Turk; Lawrence made a number of triumphal entries; and Arabia was subsequently chopped up into colonial territories and feudal states allotted to rival chieftains. Lawrence, both bored and disillusioned, then played a new game, memoir-writing and sinking into false anonymity. The wicked world went on as before—except for a lot of poor souls who had a false hero on their hands.

Perhaps the most persistent of these poor souls is Dr. Mack, an admirably thorough writer who has taken great pains with his biography of Lawrence. Since there are still many surviving witnesses, Dr. Mack's work is rich in oral as well as printed sources. But a gloss of hero-worship deadens his admittedly doughty efforts, and there is a hovering sense—felt but not stated—of two kindred noble spirits, author and subject, condescending to shed a little luster on the rest of us. Despite his numerous and pompous claims of objectivity, Dr. Mack decides again and again in favor of his subject, obviously as much in need of *having* a hero as Lawrence was of *being* one.

But despite the flaws in his and his subject's temperaments, Dr. Mack has performed a massive literary work. He is the first scholarly modern biographer to tackle Lawrence and the question of his significance, and he has done so with an admirable eye for detail, if not for perspective. Whatever else one may say about Lawrence, he was seldom dull; nor is his biography. Though indefatigable, Lawrence could, occasionally, be a little tiresome. *Vide* a late wartime letter to a friend confiding that "I have decided to go off alone to Damascus, hoping to get killed on the way: for all sakes try and clean this show up before it goes further. We are calling them to fight for us on a lie and I can't stand it." But stand it he did, and when he finally did die, it was by accident.

Interesting fellow, Lawrence, but not quite a hero. □

FBI: An Uncensored Look
behind the Walls
By Sanford J. Ungar
Little, Brown, 682 pp., $14.95

FOR GOOD OR ILL

ROBERT W. MERRY

Liberals have always derived great delight from exposing real and imagined inconsistencies in conservative habits of mind, of which one of their favorites is the conservative's instinctive fear of big government—a fear suspended when that government is creating a huge and powerful military establish-

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ment. Criticizing this particular inconsistency, however, is an ill-conceived occupation for the simple reason that the United States, for good or ill, has been forced into the role of Western civilization's military custodian. That role mandates a powerful America, but it's a role for which the United States is tragically ill-suited, as is demonstrated by the failure of so many liberals to understand why, in this world created by American liberalism, a powerful defense establishment makes sense, even to conservatives.

BUT IN another area—those recent revelations of illegal and improper activities by the Federal Bureau of Investigation—the liberal response poses a nice lesson for conservatives; namely, that when it comes to governmental institutions, selective skepticism is inadequate skepticism. Conservatives, let's face it, simply didn't respond to the early hints of FBI wrongdoing with anything approaching the outrage they can muster when it's the National Science Foundation meddling in grade-school curriculum development or the Office of Economic Opportunity dispensing cash to young neighborhood thugs.

And so it was left to a writer with strong civil-libertarian proclivities to produce the book explaining how the FBI, like any government agency off-leash, eventually began abusing its power. The book would be valuable for that reason alone. But it is also valuable for its rich, detailed, even inviting (if you can believe any huge book about a government bureau can be inviting) exploration of that most schizophrenic of federal agencies—stiff, dutiful, and admired on the one hand; insidious, servile, and distrusted on the other. Applying to the FBI the same relentless reporting and crisp prose he displays in *The Atlantic Monthly*, of which he is the Washington editor, Ungar has produced an exhaustive work on the Bureau: on its role and performance as well as its devoted servants past and present, from the lowly clerks who aspired to careers as agents to His Majesty the Director, the late J. Edgar Hoover. And Ungar's effort is not without sensitivity.

But neither is it without flaws. The book frequently suffers from what is perhaps best described as a post-Watergate tone, characterized by a presumption of wrongdoing until it is proved otherwise. Ungar sometimes seems to suspect that under every bed there's an FBI agent who suspects that under every bed there's a Communist. If the best test of Ungar's capacity for detachment and objectivity is his treatment of the Alger Hiss case—and a better one would be difficult to imagine—then he fails. Citing that unrelenting Hiss defender, Fred J. Cook, Ungar suggests that the FBI was involved in "fabricating evidence and using unconstitutional methods," yet he bolsters the suggestion with nothing. (Historian Allen Weinstein's studies of the recently released FBI files on the Hiss case leave Ungar embarrassingly exposed on the matter.)

Ungar displays a similar solicitude toward those who replaced Hiss in the minds of many liberals as society's most maligned victims—the Kids, antiwar protestors, and black militants. Ungar seems to suggest, repeatedly, that if only the FBI had demonstrated more purity of heart toward these well-meaning revolutionaries, their revolution wouldn't have become so provocative.

Ah, but such are the flaws of liberalism. And, while these flaws may impede the liberal's understanding of those authors of upheaval in the 1960s, they don't impede his understanding of, for example, official misconduct by the FBI. Now if only we could interest *him* in federal meddling in grade-school curriculum development and government subsidies to young neighborhood thugs! □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BINDING WITH BRIARS: *Sex and Sin in the Catholic Church, by Fr. Richard Ginder (Prentice-Hall, 251 pp., $8.95).* The central plea of this book is that the teaching and practices of the Roman Catholic Church in sexual morality are wrong, inaccurate, cruel, and out-of-date. Without any doubt, Churchmen have been and still are guilty of grave moral deficiencies. But Fr. Ginder goes on from here to cross the Bridge of Asses. In his case (not an uncommon one today), the planks are provided by that modern "science," behaviorism. Most Catholics, he states, do not obey the Pope in contraceptive matters anyway; homosexual unions and acts are increasing in number and afford great happiness; more people are engaging in premarital relations, which ensure better marriages; masturbation is now seen as a healthy practice (in fact, the "secret service" each can render unto himself) never condemned by the "early Church" but stigmatized by the Jesuits. (Ah! what those Jesuits have done to us!) Therefore, it is time the Church brought its teaching into line with what the majority are doing and what behaviorism tells us. And it is here that the planks give way beneath Ginder. For, if morality is purely majoritarian, then belief is majoritarian also. If the Church has been so wrong for such a long time, logically there really is no Church. And Ginder's profession of faith (sincere, no doubt) is hollow and a reflex of behaviorism he should get rid of. But Ginder's problem is not his faith. It is his logic. The book is rambling, badly organized, factually wrong, replete with logical short stops that rack the spine of your thinking. And, above all, it is unnecessarily unkind. If a reviewer attributed to Fr. Ginder motives as base and as self-serving as those he attributes to the present Pope, to Churchmen, and to Christian teachers in general, his image would suffer drastically—and, I am sure, wrongly. However, his own pain is so obvious that, despite his crudity and his ignorance, you end the book with a prayer in your heart for Fr. Ginder.

MALACHI MARTIN

LIBERTY SCHOOLS: *A Parent's Voucher Plan, by R. J. Lytle (Structures Publishing Co., 161 pp., $8.95).* This is not just a book, it is a weapon. With it Bob Lytle has taken aim for a clean slice through the Gordian knot of the problems ensnarling America's biggest industry, education. Lytle's qualifications to bring some fresh thinking to the school tangle are impeccable: he is not an educator, not a bureaucrat, not a politician; he runs his own successful business, and is a father of ten. Why, after all, should the government own and run our schools? is Lytle's question. His alternative is audacious, but its simplicity and logic almost make you want to cry. Slice the map into "Liberty School Sectors" with a fair economic and racial cross-section of population in each; turn the sector's whole education enterprise, including plant, manpower, and administration, over to a sort of citizen co-op run by an elected board; and let parents shop with vouchers among all schools in the sector for the curriculum, style, and performance level that suits them—leaving to government only the collection of taxes, issuance and cashing of vouchers, and maintenance of minimum standards and non-discrimination policies. All sorts of problems generated by rigidities in the existing education system would melt away under the Liberty plan—among them busing, illegal teacher strikes, parochiaid, and the increasing intellectual mediocrity of our elementary and secondary schools' "product." What Lytle does not say, and perhaps no one yet can, is how to pull off, politically, the virtual revolution required. All the same, I'll hazard that away off down the future, R. J. Lytle's ideas may be honored much as Leonardo's aircraft designs are today—as flashes of brilliance far in advance of their time.

JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

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LONDON'S EAST END: POINT OF ARRIVAL, *by Chaim Bermant (Macmillan, 292 pp., $10.95).* As a social history of the London neighborhood that served as the first area of settlement for England's immigrants, this colorful, anecdotal, and well-researched book tells the story of Huguenot weavers, Irish construction-workers, alien Jews, and Pakistanis from Bangladesh—but, mostly, Jews. Consequently, it invites comparison with a more disciplined, wide-ranging, and important book, Irving Howe's *World of Our Fathers.* But as Bermant describes the England and the London experienced by these incipient Englishmen, he wins deserved attention. The saddest chapter is the final one. "The Huguenots and Irish were . . . Christians in a Christian land." The Jew "was part of Western history and, once exposed to Western culture, he took to it with a hunger which made up for all the centuries of exclusion . . . he was helped by co-religionists . . ." The earlier migrants suffered but attained, in the end, a certain dignity. But the Bengali "is different in almost every respect—more consciously in exile than the Jews ever were"; one of "the gentle folk," he lives as tragically in London as in Calcutta. Bermant is a splendid writer; his is an engaging exercise in social history.

JACOB NEUSNER

AN AMERICAN FIRST, *by Michele Flynn Stenehjem (Arlington House, 250 pp., $8.95).* Lost causes, observed historian Vernon Parrington, tend to shrink in importance with the passage of time, leaving scant evidence of the passions they once generated. Such is the case of the America First Committee, the anti-war movement whose auspicious beginnings in 1940 came to such an abrupt conclusion on a December Sunday the following year. Dr. Stenehjem's perceptive examination of the AFC's New York chapter leader bears witness to the frustrations of a liberal betrayed. John T. Flynn, with his talents for advocacy and organization, fashioned a Northeastern complement to that Midwestern-based non-interventionism which struggled so diligently to expose the snare of Lend-Lease. His task cost him both his illusions and his livelihood as a journalist. Embarrassed by his expressed disgust with the Rooseveltian drift toward war, *The New Republic, Harper's, Colliers,* and the Scripps-Howard newspapers jettisoned Flynn as a contributor. Perhaps they were influenced by FDR's letter to the *Yale Review* suggesting that this gadfly "should be barred hereafter from the columns of any presentable daily paper, monthly magazine, or national quarterly." Undaunted, Flynn continued the fight until the AFC was submerged beneath the Grand Alliance. Scorned as a fanatical curmudgeon and praised as a dogged crusader, John Flynn was infinitely more complex than the sum of his labels.

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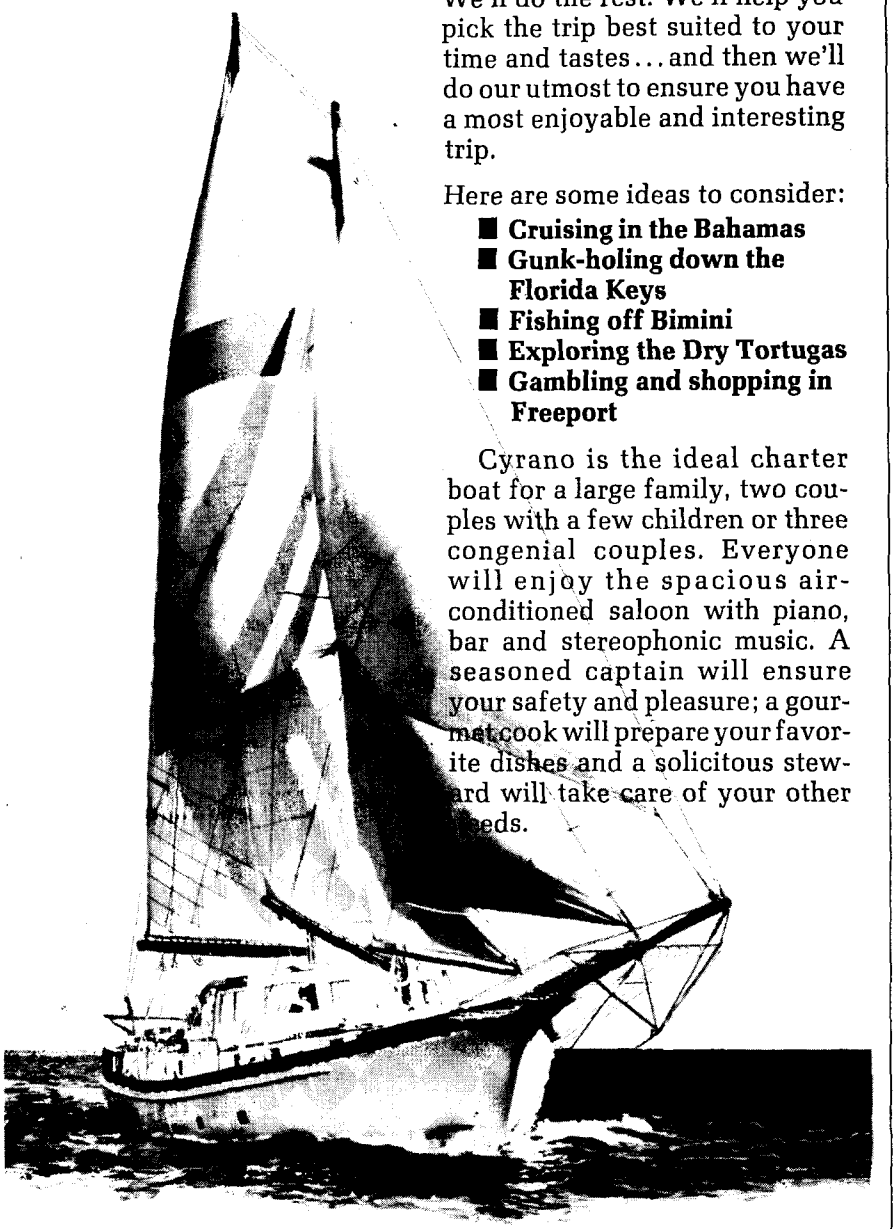

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JACOBS

(Continued from page 682)

Johannesburg, South Africa—An American abroad is lost without his daily paper. Fortunately, South Africa has a lively English-language press. Johannesburg's *Rand Daily Mail* has good news coverage, comics, and a devilish crossword puzzle.

Today's issue must be atypical. It carries a lead story that deals with an attack by Chief Gatsha Buthelezi of KwaZulu on the government's policy of "homelands." (The homelands scheme would create independent homelands for the nine major black races of South Africa. One of these would be KwaZulu, to be headed by Buthelezi.) An editorial inside supports Buthelezi and opposes the government policy.

Other days and other papers indicate that not just the *Daily Mail* but the entire English-language press of South Africa is vigorously anti-government. It condemns almost every government policy, including the racial policy, the Angolan action, even Vorster's African detente. The editorials direct a steady sniping fire at the government.

South Africans who support the government—and many who do not—suggest that the "democracies" of Transzambezi Africa are really different from the Republic. None of these strongholds of majority rule has an opposition press. To find that in Africa one must travel to that "racist police state" called South Africa.

Accra, Ghana—"There is no room in Africa for American blacks." A chance meeting in the Accra airport with a West African brought forth this remark. The speaker had described his many meetings with American blacks who had come to Africa for various reasons. Some had come to study, some to observe African culture, others to maintain an American political presence in African forums.

"These blacks from America," said the speaker, "always try to tell me what Africa should be doing. I tell them that you are trying to be more African than I am. But you aren't an African. You are a black American. To me, you aren't even black: you are just another foreigner in Africa."

Dakar, Senegal—President Leopold Senghor of Senegal is seventy years old; so is President Felix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast. Both led their nations to independence and are revered as true heroes.

In Senegal and in the Ivory Coast there are a number of young men who are preparing for the time when the influence of Senghor and Houphouët-Boigny is over. Some of these young men are protégés of the old leaders and have had experience working in governmental ministries and the armed forces. Others of the new generation are opposed to the old line in politics. These men have been influenced by the revolutionary policies emanating from Guinea, Mali, Guinea-Bissau, and from further afield. Their chance to take power depends not only on internal support but also on what help they can get from Moscow, Algiers, Havana, or Peking. That help will surely be offered.

Unfortunately, the followers of Senghor and Houphouët-Boigny cannot look for support outside their own countries. America's isolationism signals to them that they must go it alone. If America has any desire that Senghor and Houphouët-Boigny's policies be followed, some way should be found to make that desire known to the young men in West Africa. ☐

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The Trials of Christianity

On The Right

New York, June 12—*Time* magazine's biennial essay on the vicissitudes of the Roman Catholic Church is launched with an epigraph attributed to an "elderly woman parishioner of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Ames, Iowa": "I hope I die soon so that I can die a Catholic." The lady expresses the misgivings of many Catholics, here and abroad, though the statement of her frustration is philosophically perplexing. Rather like the story of the man whose doctor informs him that he has terminal cancer, and asks what he proposes to do. The patient reflects for a moment, and then says he will join the Communist Party. "Better one of them should go than one of us."

The travail of the Catholic Church is of continuing interest to non-Catholics, for reasons analogous to the curiosity Republicans feel about Democratic sentiment, in the historical knowledge that their own platform of a few years hence is being written. As Catholicism is, so to speak, Protestantized, so is Protestantism. If you find Catholics wondering out loud about the doctrine of the Trinity, you will find more Protestants like the famous Unitarian who believes in "at most one God." At the same time, you find a growing hunger for the formal stuff of Christianity. That formal stuff is really quite simply stated in the Apostle's Creed, or whatever they decided to rename it at Vatican II when, on a rainy afternoon, they ran out of more subversive ideas. It is of course the notion of the Incarnation—that's about it; all the rest is derivative, and interpretive.

Much has been written about the Christianity of Jimmy Carter. Everything evil is being imputed to his Christian belief, short only of the allegation that he is a secret Catholic. Ten years ago, they'd have been saying *that* about him. But nowadays to be a secret Catholic is no more arresting politically than to be a non-secret Catholic. People do not seem to care, because Catholicism has lost so much of its distinctive flavor. "The Catholic Church of today," Clare Boothe Luce says, resignedly, "isn't the same Church I joined." That is certainly true, and as its moorings weaken, so, *pari passu*, do the dogmatical moorings weaken of the coordinate Christian religions. Again, with the exception of fundamentalist Christianity, which it is widely assumed is what Jimmy Carter subscribes to.

What are the implications of that faith? For a President of the United States? It is very difficult to say. Consider the most pressing question a President might need to answer: whether to use nuclear force to defend the independence of the United States. How would a Christian answer that one differently from a non-Christian? Well, we all know that there are Christian pacifists. But there are also non-Christian pacifists. Speaking for what was in those days a fairly dutiful flock, Pope Pius XII said that some things were of "such great value"—for instance, the freedom to worship—that they should be defended "at any cost." That was interpreted as a papal blessing on the use of the atomic bomb under certain circumstances. It is not recorded that the Pope's sanction affected in any way American policy on the use of the bomb. When that statement was uttered, we were committed to building a substantial nuclear arsenal with which to defend this country and even some of its allies.

Suppose that the Soviet Union succeeded with a first-strike against our counterforce weaponry, leaving us merely with nuclear submarines which we would petulantly dump on the Soviet Union, killing off a half-hundred million Russians but leaving us then exposed to a retaliatory strike against our population centers. Leaving the Russians with the last laugh, to put the thing into the jargon of black humor. Is there a distinctively Christian response? Or is it unfair to construct the deductions after positing a successful first-strike by the Soviet Union? Would the Soviet Union risk a first-strike if they knew the American President would instantly put his submarines into action? Is it possible for a President a) to convince the Russians that that was exactly what he intended to do, while b) secretly committing himself not to initiate mutual slaughter, if it came right down to it? Is there a shaft of Christian reason that illuminates the problem? Is it explicable in the vocabulary of fundamentalist Christianity, or, for that matter, of jesuitical casuistry?

What does it mean to be a Christian is easier to answer, and Christ, the authority on the matter, did so repeatedly, usually in the form of a parable. But there are no parables that quite fit the apocalyptic responsibilities of a President. With the important single exception that the life we lead here on earth is not the final experience of the human being. Though on this much everyone would gratefully agree, that it is certainly our last political experience. □

THE GOP TRIUMPHANT

New York, June 1—We have begun to hear from the reactionary wing of the Republican Party about the awful danger of nominating Ronald Reagan. A chief spokesman of this wing of the Party, which is dissatisfied with any form of Republicanism that attempts genuine social movement, is Jacob Javits, senior senator from New York. He is very well practiced in the line he takes. I myself heard him use it in the early spring of 1964. He told his class at a dinner party that a) Senator Goldwater would never be nominated by the Republican Party, and b) if, *per impossibile*, that were to happen, why that would be the end of the Republican Party. A few days ago he said almost exactly the same thing, substituting only Reagan for Goldwater.

It amuses me, though not Senator Javits—who is in any case not easily amused—that the doomsday talk about the dangers of Reagan is almost always accompanied by citations of melancholy statistical ratings of the Republican Party. A typical formulation is as follows: "What are we to say about a party whose popularity among registered voters is down to 18 per cent, now considering the nomination of Ronald Reagan!" Now the popularity of the Republican Party has been diminishing since 1952, almost without interruption. Moreover, since 1954, the

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Democrats have organized both the House of Representatives and the Senate. In 1958, which was the height of the Periclean Age of Eisenhower, the Democrats won their most stunning congressional victory save only that of 1964, the year of Goldwater.

In other words, during an entire generation the Republicans who call themselves liberal have been in charge of affairs. Eisenhower was the progressive alternative to Robert A. Taft. Nixon lost to Kennedy. Goldwater lost to Johnson. Then Nixon beat Humphrey—and ushered in policies which were acclaimed by the *New York Times* in 1971 as having "revolutionized" the Republican Party. Overcome with admiration, the *New York Times* listed Nixon's achievements—a diplomatic breakthrough with China, the beginnings of detente with the Soviet Union, easing out of the Vietnam War, a huge increase in social expenditures at home, a deficit budget putting human costs above property costs, a progressive tax reform bill, sponsorship of a form of guaranteed annual wage, wage and price controls . . . and although Nixon won hugely in 1972, it is once again perhaps more accurate to say that McGovern lost hugely.

WHO CARES, really, about the Republican Party? Its soul is the property of the Ripon Society, and a few of the older members of the Council on Foreign Relations. If Reagan ran on an independent ticket for President, he would get a higher percentage of the vote than the Republican Party would get if it were led by any other American, with the possible exception of John Connally. The reason the Republican Party has become nothing much more than an administrative convenience for a few politicians is that it is lacking in any capacity to galvanize. If one were to subtract Simon, Burns, and Greenspan from the White House, the Republican Administration would collapse under the force of contradiction. Here are the keepers of the fiscal integrity, spending $40 billion more than they collect. Our foreign policy on the one hand boasts of the achievements of detente—but is afraid to use the word. We conclude an agreement with the Soviet Union, and are afraid to sign it publicly.

The men who have been in charge of the Republican Party during the last generation are those under whose leadership the Party has triumphed by losing two-thirds of its troops. The pity of it is that it didn't lose two-thirds plus one. On the other hand, it managed to get rid of John Lindsay. Only Lindsay's mentor is still with us. □

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BRITAIN?

New York, June 5—The news from Great Britain is that the pound is down to $1.77, and that the brain drain continues . . .

One trouble with Britain, I suspect, is that too much is expected of her—why should any country continue, forever, to be "great"? I remember a dazzling moment with Harold Macmillan, when a student panelist on a television program asked him whether it might not sadly be concluded of Great Britain that she no longer was generating great leaders. He turned on the young lady (rather than to her), and in not more than a few sentences huffily-avuncularly reminded her that England was an island of barely three million people when she defeated the Armada and began, over a period of three centuries, to put three-quarters of the globe under her flag.

But always during those years, Macmillan said, there was talk talk talk of the imminent end of British greatness. Indeed, as a young man he remembered being at White's the day Bonar Law died, listening to an elder statesman at the bar bemoan the loss of indispensable and irreplaceable great Englishmen. "Bonar Law gone . . . Lloyd George . . . Asquith . . . now," he shook his head sadly, "there are only a few of us left."

What's wrong with Great Britain is its class structure. The conventional criticism of it is that it keeps Britons separated, frustrates mobility, encouraging an abjectness of the spirit. I view the problem differently. The class structure in Great Britain is a tropism the obsession with which draws Britain to war with itself. Socialism, that hoary vision of a factitious fraternity which gave theoretical respectability to an untutored generation's superstitions (collective ownership will breed collective satisfactions), fired its enthusiasts only in part because they were seduced by its eschatological pretensions.

IT DIDN'T take long to establish that in socialized industries, inferior products are produced by dissatisfied workers at high costs. You can get a smile even at Brighton—maybe even from Barbara Castle, if the sun is shining—by quoting *Krokodil*'s charming little heresy about socialism ("What happens when the Soviet Union takes over the Sahara Desert?" "Answer: Nothing. For fifty years. After that, there is a shortage of sand"). It isn't that the socialists desire, really, to own the steel companies. It is that they desire that the people who own the steel companies should cease to own them. One part is envy, but a much more important part is resentment. And the fury of the emotion is, I think, magnified at the polls precisely by virtue of that docility which a tradition of good manners enjoins at home and at work. The character in fiction who on his day off as fawning valet to Milord marches with the most radical pickets demanding an end to wealth and privilege isn't a character from Shaw. He is Colonel Blimp's stepson.

A guide who took my son and me around Copenhagen a few years ago rattled on about the accomplishments of his remarkable little state and, arriving at the peroration, said rather breathlessly: "Here we have a 99 per cent tax on the highest brackets of income!" He beamed with pleasure, as if no one could now deny that Denmark had achieved the high-water mark of Western civilization. I remarked that Britain was not far behind, and he said patronizingly that yes, Britain with its 85 per cent tax was indeed doing pretty well.

BUT OF COURSE Britain is not doing pretty well, and it isn't only the ravages of a tax rate so preposterously high as to encourage economic stupidity. It is the implicit mandate behind such plutophobic tax rates. A rate of 85 per cent against the most productive members of society, quite apart from what it does to discourage savings, investment, and the intelligent allocation of resources, a) abrogates any plausible theory of equal rights under the law (we are *not* all Englishmen; we are, in an involuntary way, servants and masters), b) stimulates a sense of bitterness by a victimized class, c) robs Britons of the morale that makes partnership of endeavor an act of spontaneity (the genius of Switzerland), d) encourages outright defiance of parliamentary authority, thus undermining political democracy, and e) causes a few sensitive and important Britons to feel that their only defense is to take residence outside Britain. Anthony Burgess is not moved primarily by materialist emotions. But he feels it an indignity to live in a country that does not need his paltry surplus, but nevertheless *declines* to let him have it.

Something is wrong with any society a significant number of whose luminaries feel that, Procrustes having taken their measurement, they are found guilty of being too tall; and so, walking past the immigration authorities, they tiptoe out of the country, lest they rouse Harold Macmillan from his reverie. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Two things a guide would do to a letter — 12 152 28 143 80 101 20 134

B. What a football lineman might be called — 59 47 84 120 162 7 89 21 35 92

C. A club to which Mycroft Holmes belonged — 105 1 24 83 54 11 62 161

D. What the coquette did — 111 93 125 77 118 114 87 154

E. People who were asked by a prominent entertainer if they were happy — 116 148 167 102 97 40 69 170 108

F. One of the United States of Mexico — 136 155 43 13 73 41 63

G. A decorative needlework similar to drawnwork — 173 178 55 156 112 14 168 94 107

H. Well-named boxer who was welterweight, lightweight, and featherweight champ — 176 117 121 90 157 147 126 82 66

I. A European river — 15 27 30 38 51

J. Where a lot of money has been poured — 23 44 91 67 29 135 104

K. This is often served as a mealtime drink during the summer — 33 109 98 31 95 124 137

L. What extremely broad-minded people really are — 68 71 37 16 96 64 106

M. This planet takes part in the music of the spheres — 119 146 56 144 25 127 174

N. Porridge — 122 72 172 177 151 110 57

O. A grass grown for hay named after Hanson — 3 9 34 58 70 22 48

P. Situated lower down — 88 45 138 60 158 17 169 123

Q. HOT SPA — 46 76 49 74 128 4

R. What you can hear drop in a noisy place — 79 129 18 36

S. To steep in water or other fluid without boiling for extracting useful qualities — 149 75 139 85 130 5

T. Part of the day — 153 78 26 50 131

U. He hit three homers in each World Series, 1924 and 1925 — 166 171 61 140 159 6

V. The winner of a rat race? — 53 113 39 132 99 8

W. What George Meany has beneath that rough exterior — 65 133 52 10 164 145 141 81 32

X. Sleeping on one's rights — 86 165 103 115 160 175

Y. Obliterated — 142 2 100 163 150 19 42

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 696 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 C	2 Y		3 O	4 Q	5 S		6 U	7 B	8 V	9 O	10 W	11 C	12 A		13 F	14 G
15 I	16 L	17 P	18 R	19 Y	20 A		21 B	22 O	23 J	24 C	25 M	26 T	27 I		28 A	29 J	30 I
31 K		32 W	33 K	34 O	35 B	36 R		37 L	38 I	39 V		40 E	41 F	42 Y		43 F	44 J
45 P		46 Q	47 B	48 O		49 Q	50 T	51 I	52 W	53 V		54 C	55 G	56 M	57 N	58 O	59 B
60 P	61 U		62 C	63 F	64 L	65 W	66 H	67 J		68 L	69 E		70 O	71 L	72 N	73 F	
74 Q		75 S	76 Q	77 D	78 T	79 R	80 A	81 W	82 H	83 C		84 B	85 S	86 X	87 D		88 P
89 B		90 H	91 J	92 B	93 D	94 G	95 K	96 L	97 E		98 K	99 V	100Y	101A	102E	103X	104J
105C		106L	107G	108E		109K	110N	111D	112G		113V	114D	115X	116E	117H		118D
119M	120B		121H	122N	123P	124K		125D	126H	127M	128Q	129R	130S	131T	132V	133W	134A
135J	136F		137K	138P	139S	140U	141W	142Y	143A	144M		145W	146M	147H	148E	149S	150Y
151N		152A	153T	154D	155F	156G	157H	158P	159U	160X	161C		162B	163Y	164W	165X	166U
167E		168G	169P		170E	171U		172N	173G	174M		175X	176H	177N	178G		

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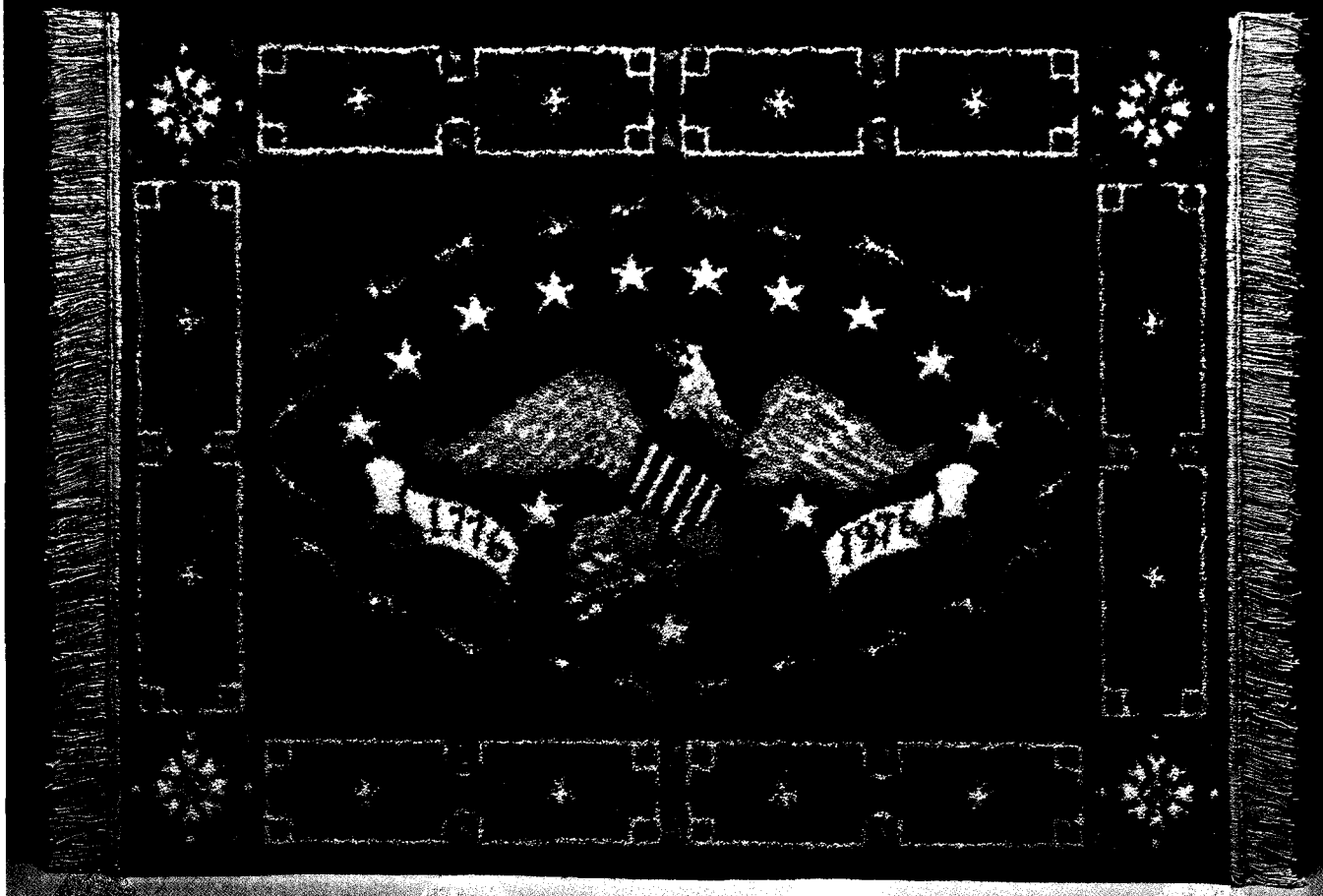

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